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A Wooing on the Shrewsbury

THE STORY OF A SUMMER COURTSHIP

By Marion Hill

"DO YOU think I could do that?" asked a woman. Her voice seemed to come out of the clear sky. Theodore looked around and up. She was on the bridge above him, and was gazing down into his boat and upon his occupation with absorbing interest, for he was handling a crab net most dexterously. He knew her by sight as a sort of genteel poor relation of a Mrs. Riker, who lived in the neighborhood. She also knew him by sight as a working partner of old Sam Hurlbut, who acted as middleman between the Shrewsbury River crab beds and a fish stall which was located in a third-rate New York market.

"Do you want to come down and try?"

"Very much, indeed."

"I don't really see how I can run the boat up close enough to the bank; the tide is so low," continued Theodore.

"Just run her ashore as high as you can," she said in an imperious manner, "and I'll get aboard somehow."

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She disappeared from his view and began to walk across the bridge.

Theodore discontentedly laid down his net, and, scorning to pick up the oar, he lazily moved himself and boat along by pushing against the cool, wet piles of the bridge. Whenever an extra incautious shove sent the nose of his boat in among the piles he welcomed the diversion of extricating himself, for he was in no desperate hurry to have his day interfered with by a stranger, even if a young woman.

She was ready waiting by the time he neared the shore, and when he took the pole end of his net and pushed the boat well up into the ooze she stepped in easily without any help. Even before seating herself she picked up one of the oars and with two or three vigorous digs sent the boat well out into the river with an ease which astonished him.

"This is the coolest proceeding I've seen for months," thought the young man wrathfully, and plying his pole he painstakingly pushed the boat back into shore again. She looked at him in amazement.

"More crabs close in," he said laconically.

"But you were in the middle of the river when I spoke to you," she said.

"And I was served just right for it, too," he said—"that is, I hardly got a crab."

The girl said nothing. Theodore looked at her with an artistic appreciation of color. While looking he made the comforting discovery that the girl was pretty, and with the discovery he lost all his chagrin and began to devote himself to her.

"Now you sit still for a while and watch me," he said with a radiant smile. "This business looks mighty easy, but there's a knack to it all the same. See that big fellow? Swash! I've got him!"

With an athletic swoop he brought up the dripping net full of wildly fighting seaweed, and dumped the mess into the bottom of the boat. Out of the mess scuttled an immense crab which made straight for a shelter under the young woman's dress. She screamed.

"That's all right! He won't hurt you!"

"Oh! oh! what a vicious-looking beast!" she wailed.

The crab had brought himself, after the fashion of his kind, into a condition of petrified quiescence, and was looking fixedly and wickedly at her.

"I never can stay in this boat; please let me out!" implored the girl.

"I beg of you to take my word," said Theodore; "you can sit in a boat full of crabs and you will never get touched."

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP

"'POKE THAT CRAB AWAY—IT IS COMING STRAIGHT TOWARD ME!'"

She sat down again, only half consoled, but forgot her prejudices in the next excitement. Swoop! Another crab.

"This is a soft-shell one, and perfectly harmless. You can pick him out with your fingers," said Theodore, invitingly holding forth the net.

"Oh, dear, no! take him out yourself!" said she, shuddering. "I can't touch him."

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For the next few moments Theodore worked quickly and successfully, inspired with the knowledge that his audience of one was watching him with admiration. Standing straight, with his eyes fixed on the water, he used his pole to propel the boat lazily along, and yet every minute he made a triumphant scoop to the right or the left and added a dismayed crab to his store. Through all his vigilant action he was wondering how on earth he was to address his companion. He knew perfectly well that she was called Hettie May, for he had often heard Mrs. Riker call down the lane after her, but he did not know whether May was a surname or part of the Christian name, and he certainly did not dare call her Hettie. In the midst of this reverie she amazed and angered him by calling out in terror:

"Oh, Theodore! poke that crab away—it is coming straight toward me!" She called him by name, as she would have addressed a lackey. He did not like it.

He did as she requested, but made an experimental reply:

"You needn't be frightened, Hettie May; I told you before that they wouldn't hurt you if you let them alone. Why are you afraid?"

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She gave him a frozen glance, under the innocent indignation of which he felt a twinge of conscience, but he smiled and said nonchalantly:

"That is your name, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, that is my name, certainly, but I was not aware that you knew it."

"Nor did I know that you knew my name was Theodore," he replied.

She appeared to be struggling with herself for a second or so, at the end of which she broke into a merry peal of laughter. When it was over she explained good-temperedly:

"I never dreamed of annoying you by calling you Theodore, but I have heard Mr. Hurlbut refer to you so often by your first name that I used it unawares. But call me Hettie May by all means."

"Indeed I beg your pardon," he said in vague apology, "and by way of entreating you to call me just Theodore I will painstakingly keep my surname from you."

But to his indefinable disappointment she seemed perfectly indifferent, and merely asked politely:

"May I take the net now and try?"

"Certainly," he said, relinquishing it and staring at her timid management of it.

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In friendly flirtations he was an adept, and it set him back when he was not met at least half way. No disinterested spectator would have wondered at his chagrin, either, for he was as undeniably attractive as he was a successful crabber.

"You will have to come over here in my place," he announced, speaking gloomily. "Steady now; give me your hand." After a deal of unnecessary wobbling and hand-clutching the change was effected, and the young girl stood unsteadily in the prow, while Theodore sat himself opposite and poked some light into the crabs.

After an interval of slow, uneventful passage through the shallow water Theodore asked sarcastically:

"Where are your crabs?"

"I can't see any," she replied, with eyes glued to the stream.

"You have passed some of the finest ones in the river," was his next remark.

"I really did not see any!" she said, looking at him piteously.

The fresh breeze had loosened short locks of her hair, and was now blowing her dress affectionately close to her form. To keep her hat on she had ducked her head to the wind, and was keeping one eye tight shut. Altogether she looked so unaffected, so pretty, so young, so everything that softens the heart of man, that Theodore came instantly out of his discontent and became helpful.

"Look at that mat of sea-cabbage," he said. "Ease the boat nearer to it and I'll poke a crab out for you. There! See that? Now watch closely for yourself. Don't you see them lying in all the little holes in the river bottom? Just look! See there!"

"Oh, I see! I see!" cried Hettie May enthusiastically. "Give me the net. Watch me get that big one." There followed a lurch of the boat, a violent splash, a fine take of slime and seaweed, and disappointment. "My goodness! How did it get away?"

"Never mind. Try another. This one."

Another lurch, more mud, and nothing else.

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This program was followed for an hour or more, at the end of which time she gave up the net hopelessly.

"I have not caught a single one," was her unnecessary announcement.

"If you come out to-morrow noon at high tide I'll warrant you a real fine catch!" he promised eagerly.

A wonderful blush swept over her face at the fancied ridicule.

"You are making fun of me. No one ever goes crabbing at high tide."

"Not with a net, no, of course not; but we will fish for them. Will you come?"

"Oh, yes, if I may. If Aunt Emma has nothing for me to do, perhaps I can."

"I'll wait for you at Mrs. Riker's landing. I'll be there at twelve. Now change places with me again, for it's a long row back."

He took off his coat to make her a better seat, and then bent his back to the oars. Instead of the jerky jersey dip he pulled a long, strong sweep that sent the little boat shuddering through the water like a creature of life. The sun had gone down unmissed in the bold twilight, and the breezy stillness of evening was settling down over the rising river. The scene was a study in green. The only variations were some white daisies, still awake, a few lagging clusters of locust, and once a rare mass of real mountain laurel that, perfectly at home, bent its sticky white disks almost into the salt water. Both man and girl looked at it with instant appreciation of its presence.

"Do you want it?" he asked.

"Oh, no; leave it where it is," she answered.

They were the only words spoken during the long row home. Over the two had fallen a silencing realization of their somewhat

peculiar position. At last Locust Point landing was reached, and Hettie May volunteered to get out.

"This is where you stop," she said. "I can walk home."

"If you will allow me I'll row up to Mrs. Riker's," said Theodore, pulling with a steady vigor that needed no permission.

Most of the Locust Point homesteads bordered upon the river, but the descent to the water was so wooded and steep that all the houses were hidden from sight, so that, although voices came now and then to the ears of the two in the boat, no sight of unamiable human beings marred the perfection of the scene. An exception must be made in favor of Mrs. Riker, who was found to be watching their approach from the top of her bank.

"There's Aunt Emma," said Hettie May guiltily; "I wonder what she will say to me. I've been crabbing, Aunt Emma!"

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Aunt Emma preserved a stony silence that remained unbroken even when Theodore slightly raised his hat in recognition of her indisputable presence. He ran the boat well to land, and Hettie May stepped ashore.

"Good-evening," said Theodore, pushing himself reluctantly from shore, as she sped up the bank before he could remind her of their next day's engagement.

But on the morrow he found that she had not forgotten it. On the contrary, she was at the landing before him. She had on the same calico dress and straw hat as yesterday, but to his pleased eyes she looked vastly prettier, and he felt a most unwarrantable thrill of pleasure in seeing her.

"No 'Aunt Emma?'" he hazarded.

"No 'Aunt Emma,'" she responded gayly, but in an undertone. "She was wild last night at my escapade, but I got up at five this morning and weeded all the strawberries, so she is resigned to let me waste a few hours more."

"Why, I was up at five this morning, too!" he cried, with a blissful sense of companionship.

"I should think you would be up at that hour every morning," she said.

"Why?" asked Theodore blankly.

"Does not your occupation call for it?"

"Oh, yes, of course," he answered.

He had wanted her to ask the reason of his early rising in order that he might explain that he had risen betimes to clean the boat for her greater comfort. Now he would explain nothing, so he rowed silently down toward the bridge. The heat was blistering, the water was warm oil, and the wind like fire, and neither party felt talkative.

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"Do you think we can stand very much of this?" she asked.

"Wait till we reach the bridge; it will be cooler there," he said.

"Oh, if we could only stay under it!"

"That's just what we are going to do."

"Are we going to fish under there?"

"That's it."

He gave a backward glance to gauge his distance, and after one more strong sweep he gathered in the oars and the boat shot into the cool, seaweedy shade of the bridge piles. Here he moored by means of slack ropes fore and aft, so that the current merely struck the boat with cool-sounding swashes, and was powerless to carry them out into the merciless sunlight.

"I've brought my own tackle along," declared Hettie May, drawing some hooks and a line out of her pocket.

"What for?" demanded Theodore, surprised.

"Didn't you say we were going to fish for crabs?" she asked, with her delicious and ready blush.

"We are, indeed," he responded, "but we don't use hooks; we use this."

He produced two unsavory hunks of raw meat.

"It's bad," she said.

"That is its special recommendation," he announced grewsomely.

"Oh, is it better that way?"

"Much. You take it like this, you see, and round it into a tight ball, and then you fasten it to the end of this string as firmly as you know how. Next you tie on a small stone for a sinker, and the trick is done. Would you like to fix your own, or would you rather I did it?"

"I'd far rather you did it," she rejoined.

"All you do is to throw the bait out, feel when it touches bottom, and then draw it up about a foot and wait till you feel a quiet tug. Then, when you feel one, tell me."

•

They both lowered their bait, and fell into a period of breathless waiting. Soon Theodore cast a glance of smiling intelligence at his companion, and began to pull up his line, inch by inch. To his anxious companion his crawling cautiousness was feverishly exciting. When the lump of meat appeared in dim outline to their sight Hettie May perceived that a huge crab was hugging it.

"Please hand me the net," whispered Theodore.

She tendered him the short-handled net, and he soon dumped the unwary prey into the boat, with the hollow, rattling sound that had grown so familiar to the girl's ears.

"Doesn't he clash his legs horribly?" she questioned, intently watching the crab.

He tested her neglected line. "There's a crab on it," he declared. "Draw it up very quietly or you'll frighten him loose. That's the way."

"Isn't he a beautiful big one?" she breathed delightedly as she watched it through the water tugging at the meat.

"Don't experiment any longer; take the net," advised Theodore.

"Oh, I can haul him into the boat without any net," she protested. Theodore set his teeth together and let her try it. The crab let go as soon as he felt the air.

"They always do that," he observed. "It's only once in fifty times that you can jerk them into the boat." As he spoke he was hauling in one of his own; then another and another. At last Hettie May felt the mantle of success fall upon her, and she, too, began to land crabs without number. Theodore put his into one wet sack and hers into another.

"In such hot weather they would all die if they were left exposed," he explained.

Thus two hours sped away until Hettie May, sated with capture, began to grow hungry.

"I must go home now. Please let me off at the end of the bridge, or up at Aunt Emma's, whichever is most convenient for you. I promised not to stay out too long."

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP

"'AREN'T YOU SOMEWHAT OF A WELL-READ YOUNG WOMAN TO BE QUOTING BROWNING?'"

He decided that Aunt Emma's was by far the most convenient for him, and began to unmoor the boat. All the while he was racking his brain for some excuse to make another engagement with her. Was there nothing else he could teach her?

"Can you row?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed," was her glad response. "Will you let me?"

That did not chime in with his idea at all, so he refused.

"It is entirely too hot for you to row today. But any afternoon you wish, one of my boats is at your service."

"Thank you very much, but Mr. Riker has any number of boats which I can use at any time."

Theodore consigned Mr. Riker and his boats to torment, and proceeded with his questions.

"On the whole, how do you enjoy crabbing?"

"Oh, very much indeed, except when the crabs rattle across the boat; though I am not so much afraid of them now."

"No, indeed," he replied warmly. "One gets used to anything. Look at eels, now; why, they thrash around a boat like all 'get out,' and you don't mind them at all, although it's night and they feel like fifty thousand snakes."

Her eyes dilated with terror. "Oh, please don't!" she begged. "Don't tell me that!"

"It's true," he protested. "Haven't you ever been eel-fishing at night?"

"Never!"

"Never?" he cried in delight. "Well, come with me some night."

"I wouldn't go for a million dollars," she said.

"There's nothing horrible about eels," he grumbled.

"Where do you go eel-fishing?"

"Here on the Shrewsbury; there are loads of them in the mud holes and in the seaweed."

•

She jerked her hand out of the water.

"Oh, they don't float up on top in the daytime, they only do that at night and at certain seasons. Why, some dark nights when the water is highly phosphorescent you can trace them by the sinuous, glowing track they leave."

"How I should like to see that!" she exclaimed.

"Come out to-night, then," he said faithlessly, knowing perfectly well that there would be a moon and the promised exhibition therefore impossible. "Will you be able to come out to-night at about half-past eight?"

"Yes, I think so; Aunt Emma will be able to come, too."

"That's good," he said hypocritically. "I'll be here at half-past eight sharp."

The boat's nose grounded in the mud and he jumped ashore to help his companion out.

"Don't forget your crabs," he reminded her, tendering the bag.

"Indeed, I do not want them," she insisted. "I was only crabbing for amusement, and if you will allow me to add my catch to yours I will feel that I have not wasted your time. I don't want them."

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"All right," he said gruffly, and shot away down the stream. But his heart was leaping at the thought that she had really consented to go with him on a pleasure row, without any business-like project of fishing behind it. When he was in the middle of the stream he emptied the contents of Hetty May's sack into the water.

"I won't have her first catch boiled alive. It would be a sacrilege," he muttered. "I'd like to bet a gold piece that she doesn't know they're cooked alive."

When he rowed up to Riker's in the evening's dusk his spirit sank at distinguishing but one figure as he rowed near.

"It is I—Hettie May," said her voice.

He bumped the boat joyfully on the bank.

"Aunt not coming?" was his brisk query.

"I asked her to come, and she said—she said, 'If you're not big enough now to get along without me tagging after you, I'd like to know when you will be.'"

"She's perfectly right," agreed Theodore.

"So I've come to tell you I won't go."

"What!" said Theodore, in leaden wrath.

"Oh, no; I've left her alone all day and I can't leave her to-night."

"I'll tell you what," said Theodore, "step in, and I'll row you so quickly down to the bridge and back that she'll never know."

Just where this proposition differed from the proposed row it would be difficult to tell, but Hettie May considered it a harmless compromise, and stepped in.

"Where is the phosphorous?" she demanded.

Fortunately for the young man the moon had not yet risen, and the oars made a milky ripple. He called her attention to it.

"Let your hand trail in the water and watch the track it makes."

"And run the risk of patting an eel on the head? Oh, no!" she answered.

He drew in the oars and rested on them. "I believe this current will carry us down to the bridge as quick as I could make it," he said contentedly, shameless falsifier that he was, for the boat barely moved, and if it drifted at all, drifted sideways. In the enchanted silence Theodore got it into his dreamily confused head that his soul was strung like an Æolian harp and that every time he breathed it swept its music through him. That he was in love with the girl opposite him he would never have admitted. She was singing softly to herself an air that was once familiar to him and at the same time exasperatingly unfamiliar. If it was anything it was the soprano of Wagner's Chorus of Pilgrims.

"What is that you are singing?" he asked in a hushed voice.

"I haven't the sign of an idea," she said loudly and unsentimentally.

"It's time we got back," said Theodore, becoming impatient, and he immediately commenced rowing violently homeward.

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By the time he had made the now dark landing he had softened hopelessly again. At all hazards he was bound to prevent her from speeding up the bank to the house. The myriad of fireflies flashed around them, actually lighting up the leaves and flowers nearest to them. He moored his boat suggestively to Riker's post and stepped out with Hettie May. He first planted himself cleverly before her in the narrow path, so that she could not get home without walking deliberately into him. This manœuvre cheered his soul into conversation.

"Did you ever put fireflies into your hair?" he asked insanely.

"No, and I don't want to."

"Did you ever hold one, then?"

"No, I never have."

He caught one and came audaciously near her. "Hold out your hand," he said.

Men who say, "Do this," "Do that," instead of "Will you do this?" "Will you do that?" meet with extraordinary obedience. Hettie May held out her hand. He lingeringly put the little insect into it.

"Did you ever hear the legend of the firefly?" he asked musically.

She shook her head. "Tell me."

"Oh, it's no story, nothing to tell, only the Indians believe that fireflies are the souls of dead soldiers who have fallen in battle and never known burial. Is not that a poetical thought?"

"Very horribly poetical, and exactly like an Indian," and she added, "Now I must say good-night."

"Oh, certainly; I was only waiting to know whether you were coming crabbing for soft-shells and shedders to-morrow at low tide. You haven't caught any in that way, you know, but I am sure I could teach you, if you will let me."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"Quite sure. Confess now, you would like to be able, wouldn't you?"

"'We should join hands in frantic sympathy,
If once you taught me the unteachable,'"

she quoted glibly.

He pondered in scholarly amaze, and then said unthinkingly:

"Aren't you somewhat of a well-read young woman to be quoting Browning?"

She laughed, and ran up the path. Then she stopped, and said in sudden surprise:

"Aren't you somewhat of a well-read young man to recognize it as a quotation from Browning?"

He reddened unperceived in the darkness, but urged anxiously:

"I am coming around to-morrow at low tide; may I?"

Her response was non-committal: "You won't be able to reach this landing at low tide; you will have to go to the house below—to Stanley's."

"All right!" he cried cheerfully.

On the next day and on many succeeding days he worked hard to prevent Hettie May from netting a single crab. He very soon left off asking whether he might call for her, because it came to be so settled a thing that she was to be his companion. At the close of one lazy, contented afternoon she spoiled the rest of the day by announcing her intention of going to the city for a few days.

"When are you going?" he asked.

"To-morrow."

"But at what time?"

"I am going to take the four-twenty train from the Atlantic Highlands."

"It is a long walk over," he suggested.

"Very," she assented, "but not too long."

His heart rose. So she was going to walk. At least he would manage to intercept her and walk with her.

He set out on the morrow in excellent time. But look as he might he failed to see the one figure he looked for. During the period of his closest scrutiny of the by-paths a carriage passed him. In the carriage was a very beautiful woman, superbly dressed, and of undeniable fashion and position. She caught sight of Theodore and shrank back in her seat to hide from his gaze herself and her crimson blush. It was Hettie May, but Theodore missed her.

He walked back again to Locust Point in a disappointment that verged on insanity. He no longer was ignorant of the sentiment he had for the girl. He loved her. He loved her for the sensitiveness that spoke in her coming and going color. He worshiped her vivid beauty—a beauty of outline as well as of tint, a beauty that wind, sun and dirt could not destroy. Without her the three days dragged miserably. On the fourth he went down to meet every train and boat that came in. Of course, she did not arrive. On the fifth day he wandered disconsolately around the various spots associated most closely with her. He finally threw himself abidingly down by the mountain laurel they had seen on their first row, and began to count up the period of their acquaintanceship. Into his reverie, at this stage, there intruded a faint dip of oars. What more likely than that Hettie May should be rowing down the river? He leaped to his feet and looked across a few feet of water into her eyes.

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"Hettie!" he cried rapturously.

"Hello," she answered demurely.

"Row in to shore," he said.

Very slowly and with a rapidly deepening color she guided the boat to shore. Her heart was beating excitedly, for the rapture in his bright young face was too pronounced for her to ignore. He held out his hand to help her; she put hers in his, and at that touch reserve flew to the winds and they were in each other's arms.

"I want you, Hettie," he whispered, and bent to kiss her. She broke away and looked at him almost with fear.

"I love you, and you know it."

"Yes, I do know it; and I love you, but it is my disgrace!"

"That is a word that cannot pass unexplained," he said.

"Oh, you know, you must know, the terrible difference in our stations!"

"How did you find out that it existed?" demanded Theodore.

"Find what out?" asked she blankly.

"That there is a difference in our stations. I thought that you still considered me a sort of nondescript fisherman in the employ of Sam Hurlbut."

"And what are you if you are not?" asked Hettie, turning a deeper red.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said, reddening in his turn. "I never tried to mislead you, Hettie—on my honor, I never did; but your mistake amused me at first, and I did not think it worth while to correct it. Then I learned—oh, so quickly!—to love you, and dared not tell you the truth about myself, for fear your pride would make you send me back into my own world—my heartless world of fashion and folly. For it is a mere summer's amusement that calls me down here, and it is a mere whim that leads me to crab frantically and to turn my haul over to Sam Hurlbut. He reaps the benefit, not I. Oh, don't turn from me, Hettie!"

"Who are you, then?" she asked.

"My name is Theodore Tyndall, and my father is Barry Tyndall, the banker."

"You live in New York?"

"Yes."

"On what street?"

"Madison avenue."

"Is your number thirty-two fifty-eight?"

"Yes," he admitted. "Don't worry, Hettie May. My father may show me the door if he wishes, and he probably will, but I would rather have you than all the wealth in the world. Look up, darling, and say you believe me! Say it quick."

•

"Oh, I believe you," she said, "and maybe your father won't show you the door, after all, for I am Hester May Mortimer, and I live in the house next to yours!"

"No!" shouted Theodore.

"Yes."

"But 'Aunt Emma'?"

"Oh, Mrs. Riker is a dear, stern old nurse of mine who, when she heard that the Doctor had prescribed for me outdoor occupation, brought me down here, where she has carried out the Doctor's advice. We all call her 'Aunt' because she is such a loving old soul."

"You can't live next door to us," said Theodore dogmatically, "or we should have met before."

"Come to New York now and prove it!" she said teasingly.

"May Mortimer," he said, still aghast. She nodded with intense enjoyment.

"Why, we will have to begin all over again," he said ruefully.

"Not all over again," she faltered audaciously; "let's begin from the time I stepped off that boat."

He did so promptly, and they were happy.

In the Golden Land of Dreams

The Moon Path

By Archibald Lampman

THE full, clear moon uprose and spread
Her cold, pale splendor o'er the sea;
A light-strewn path that seemed to lead
Onward into eternity.
Between the darkness and the gloom
An old-world spell encompassed me;
Methought that in a godlike dream
I trod upon the sea.

And lo! upon that glimmering road,
In shining companies unfurled,
The trains of many a primal god,
The monsters of the older world;
Strange creatures that, with silver wings,
Scarce touched the ocean's thronging floor,
The phantoms of old tales, and things
Whose shapes are known no more.

Giants and demi-gods who once
Were dwellers of the earth and sea,
And they who from Deucalion's stones,
Rose men without an infancy;
Beings on whose majestic lids
Time's solemn secrets seemed to dwell,
Tritons and pale-limbed Nereids,
And forms of Heaven and hell.

Some who were heroes long of yore,
When the great world was hale and young;
And some whose marble lips yet pour
The murmur of an antique tongue;
Sad queens, whose names are like soft moans,
Whose griefs were written up in gold;
And some who on their silver thrones
Were goddesses of old.

As if I had been dead indeed,
And come into some after-land,
I saw them pass me, and take heed,
And touch me with each mighty hand;
And evermore a murmurous stream,
So beautiful they seemed to me,
Not less than in a godlike dream
I trod the shining sea.

—Scribner's Magazine.

The Ballad of Sleep

By Emma Huntington Nason

WHO rides so closely at my side,
Adown the dusky twilight-land?
What bold highwayman, hollow-eyed,
With vizor black, and stealthy hand?

Each night he cometh unawares,
Or bright the stars, or dark the sky;
He heareth naught of tears or prayers;
No threat avails, nor piteous sigh.

Gold hath not lured him to the strife;
For treasure-store he doth not bide;
But of that boon called human life
He cries, relentlessly, "Divide!"

Give of that precious guerdon—time!
The hours when thou wouldst labor long,
And weave thy slender thread of rhyme
Into the woof of human song.

How changed thou art, oh, robber grim,
Since erst I looked on thee in love,
Nor feared thy phantom visage dim,
Nor felt the iron 'neath thy glove.

Once thou didst woo me tenderly
Within thy purple realms to rest;
Through dream-lit ways I rode with thee,
My shadow-steed with thine abreast;

Nor grudged thee then the glorious gift,
For youth was mine, with years of gain;
Now, brief the days!—I pray thee lift
Thy gauntlet from my bridle-rein!

In vain I pleaded, "One night of grace!"
(The task so sweet! the world so wide!)
The phantom horseman rides apace,
And sternly cries, "Divide! divide!"

I yield unto this bandit, Sleep,
Whose sable pennons nod and sway;
He drags me to his dungeon-keep!
He binds me till the break of day!

—The Independent.

Margaret Schuyler's Quick Wit

A TRUE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

By Everett T. Tomlinson

ONE summer evening in August, 1781, two men were seated at a table in the public room of a tavern in a settlement about twenty-five miles north of Albany. They had been engaged in an earnest conversation for an hour or more, and evidently one of the men had been trying to persuade the other to enter into some project he was proposing. He had been speaking earnestly, but in such low tones that none of the few stragglers that entered the room could hear what he was saying; but his companion, a rough-looking fellow, was plainly interested, and, while he said but little, he was listening attentively to the words of his friend.

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And well he might, for the talker was none other than Joe Bettys, whose name was known and feared throughout that region. At the breaking out of the Revolution he had been an ardent Whig; but he was captured by the British in Arnold's struggle on Lake Champlain, and from that day he was a changed man; for while he was a captive in Canada he had listened to the words of his captors, and accepted the position of ensign under the Royal standard. The love of British gold had killed the love he formerly felt for his countrymen.

Hatred and malice seemed to rule him, and he was ever active in plots against his former friends. He became notorious as a spy, and not long before this very time had been captured and sentenced to be hanged. Indeed, he already had been led upon the gallows, and was about to have the noose placed about his neck, when Washington, overcome by the tears and pleadings of his mother, had released and pardoned the traitor on the one condition that he would reform. Joe Bettys had promised readily enough, but had gone directly from Washington's camp to that of the enemy, and instead of any feeling of gratitude had redoubled his energy and evil deeds. Murders, plundering and burning the homes of the Whigs had followed; and of late he had been unusually active in kidnapping isolated colonials and sending them to Canada for exchange. He had no forebodings of his fate then; but when, a year later, he was again captured and executed at Albany, all the region breathed a sigh of relief and felt renewed safety.

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Bettys' companion at this time was John Waltermeyer, as bold a Tory and bitter partisan as he; but, as he was lacking in some of the bolder qualities of Bettys, he was better in executing the plans of others than in devising them himself. Bettys had met him by appointment, and had been explaining the details of his proposal, and had been urging Waltermeyer to join him.

The spy was disguised, but, none the less, he was watchful and nervous, and his suspicions had been aroused by the entrance of a stranger who, while he gave no signs of his being aware of the presence of others in the room, nevertheless, had impressed Bettys that his quick glance and keen eyes were not unmindful of passing events.

"I know him," said Waltermeyer. "He's one of the strongest loyalists in Albany. You need have no fears of him."

"I don't just like his looks, though," replied Bettys. "Come out into the yard," and the two men arose and left the house.

"Now, mind," continued Bettys, when he and his friend were once outside, "I'll see that you have a gang of just the right sort. Some of the Tories will be glad to go in, and I'll have some Canadians and Indians along, too. It won't do to trust too much to the locals, for they may be weak-kneed at the last and turn against us. This would play the mischief, you know, and we must guard against it in some way or other."

"All right," replied Waltermeyer, who had decided to do as the spy directed. "You have them at the meeting of the roads, about five miles out of the town, to-morrow evening, and I'll be there."

"I'll not fail," replied Bettys. "Good luck to you and good-by," he added, as he stood for a moment and watched his friend as he mounted his horse and soon disappeared in the darkness. Then the spy himself started northward, just as the stranger he had suspected appeared in the doorway of the tavern.

"A bold plan; but it ought not to work. In fact, much as I dislike to, I think I'll have to take a hand in it myself. A man's friends may sometimes be higher than King George himself," murmured the stranger to himself as he walked thoughtfully away.

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And what was the "bold plan" to which he had referred? Nothing less than the kidnapping of General Schuyler. For some time he had not been in active service; but although he was staying in his large and beautiful home near Albany, he was by no means idle. Washington had given him special instructions to intercept all communications between Clinton, who was then in New York, and General Haldimand, in Canada.

Few men had won the confidence and respect of the American commander as had Philip Schuyler, and few men were more feared by the British. His service had been great, and he always had shown the spirit of a true man as well as of a brave soldier; and, although he had given up his position in the Continental Army, there was no one the British would have been more delighted to capture than he, and hardly any one Washington would have hated more to lose.

On the evening following the interview we have described, John Waltermeyer was at the crossroads awaiting the coming of the band which the spy had promised. He had not been there long before he heard the sounds of approaching men. He stepped behind one of the large trees that grew by the roadside and waited for them to approach. They were talking in low tones, but as soon as he heard them he was satisfied that they were the men he wanted, and, giving the watchword agreed upon, he approached and joined them.

They were a motley crowd of a dozen men. He recognized some as former acquaintances; but the Indians and Tories were all strangers.

Relying upon the word of Joe Bettys that they could be depended upon, he immediately entered into conversation and arranged his plans. In a brief time they all had approached the home of General Schuyler and were peering from behind the pine trees and shrubbery that grew about the place.

All the lights had disappeared, and it was evident that all within had retired. Disappointed, Waltermeyer stealthily withdrew his band and prepared for the night.

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The next day a careful watch was kept, but the opportunity they desired did not present itself. Frequently the General came out upon the lawn, but he was always attended, and the cowardly men wanted to catch him alone! Sometimes he was seated on the broad piazza, playing with his youngest child, and sometimes he was with one of his daughters and her children; but servants, in each case, were not far away and the attempt could not be made.

Several days passed in this manner and Waltermeyer found his men becoming restless. Something must be done. Starting out alone, he soon returned to the camp they had made in the woods, attended by a Dutchman whom he had met and compelled to accompany him.

"Now, Hans," said Waltermeyer, when he had called his band about him, "we want to know just how many men are at Schuyler's house."

"Yah," replied Hans, turning his round, expressionless face from one man to another. "Yah; dere vas men, also vimins dere."

"Yes; but how many?" asked Waltermeyer impatiently.

"I should dink dere vas," replied Hans.

"But how many?" repeated the Tory.

"Shust abound enough," answered the laconic Dutchman.

"But doesn't Schuyler ever leave home? Doesn't he go alone? When does he go to Albany?" The leader, almost hopeless, was changing the line of his questions.

"Yah, he goes to Albany. Sometimes mit de soldiers—but alvays mit de guns. General Schuyler he know how to shood."

At length, by dint of many questions, Waltermeyer contrived to gain some of the information he was seeking, and, with many threats of what would befall him if he revealed the presence of his men, or repeated the questions he had been asked, he dismissed the Dutchman, and watched him as he departed down the road.

His heart would not have been comforted if he could have followed him, for Hans proceeded directly to General Schuyler's home, and was with him a long time in his private room. When, at last, he arose to go, he met on the piazza the man of whom Joe Bettys had been suspicious during his recent interview with John Waltermeyer.

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He, too, remained in the General's private room for half an hour; and when his host accompanied him to the door he said: "I thank you, my friend. We are on opposite sides in this fearful struggle, but you have placed friendship above country, and I should be less than a man did I not heed two such warnings as I have just had."

"But you'll protect yourself, will you not?" asked the Tory.

"Never fear, my friend," replied the General. "I shall do as you suggest."

As a result of these two warnings, General Schuyler obtained a guard of six men, three of whom were on duty by day and three by night. But several days passed and no sign of the kidnappers appeared. The family began to think the alarm had been needless, and that if there had been any danger it had passed. The guard, however, was not dismissed, and all due precautions were still observed. More than a week had passed since the interview of Joe Bettys with John Waltermeyer, and the General was hoping the project had been abandoned.

It had been an exceedingly sultry day even for August, and, after the evening meal, the General and his family were sitting in the large front hall enjoying the cool breeze which had just sprung up. The servants were scattered about the place, and the three men who had been on guard duty during the day were asleep in the basement, while the three who were on duty were lying on the cool grass in the garden. The children were playing about their elders, and all were rejoicing that the cause for alarm had passed, as they supposed.

"General, there's a man who wants to speak with you at the back gate," said one of the servants, approaching the house.

"I know what that means," said General Schuyler, immediately rising; "I want every one of you," he added, turning to his family, "to go to the room upstairs. Don't wait, but go immediately."

The frightened women and children quickly obeyed, and the General, calling the servants, barred the doors and locked the windows. As soon as this had been done, he ran to his bedroom for his gun.

He stepped to the window in his room for a moment and looked out. What was that he saw? The sun had set, but there was light enough to enable him to see that the house was surrounded by men. It was a dangerous moment, but the guard must be aroused, and perhaps the town might be alarmed, also; so out of the open window he fired his gun, and then quickly drew the heavy shutters and fastened them. He was just in time, for a volley was fired by the ruffians, and he could hear the thud of the bullets as they struck against the house.

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All was confusion now. With a shout the band started for the door of the hall. They had brought rails and heavy pieces of timber with them, and an exultant yell soon showed that they had succeeded in breaking down the door. A crowd of men rushed into the house and began to shout for the General to give himself up and save all further trouble. His family were all in the room with him now; but the darkness concealed the pallor on their cheeks, and not a word had been uttered.

Just as the Tories burst into the hall, Mrs. Schuyler thought of the baby she had left in the nursery below. In the confusion each had thought another had brought the little one, and the mother had just discovered her loss.

"My baby! my baby!" she cried. "I shall go for it. They will murder it. I know they will!"

"Nay," said the General, as he firmly grasped his frantic wife. "It will be at the forfeit of your life, and the ruffians may not touch it."

"Then I shall go," said Margaret, his third daughter; and before she could be restrained she had rushed from the room, run down the two flights of stairs, and gained the nursery. The babe was sleeping in the cradle, all unconscious of danger, and in a moment Margaret had snatched the little one, still asleep, and started to return. She had just gained the stairs when she was stopped by one of the men, who roughly grasped her by the arm. It was John Waltermeyer himself, but she did not know it, nor was he aware who was before him. Plainly enough she was a young woman, and, as she held a babe in her arms, he at once concluded that she must be one of the servants.

"Wench, wench," he shouted, "where is your master?"

Margaret Schuyler was greatly frightened, but she did not lose her presence of mind. Almost like an inspiration a quick thought came, and raising her voice so that she could be heard in the room above, she replied: "He's gone to alarm the town."

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John Waltermeyer hesitated. If that were true not a moment ought to be lost in making their escape. His men were in the dining-room now, and he could hear them as they gathered the silver, quarreling among themselves. Evidently the General's silver was as desirable as the General's person, and the ruffians had decided to secure what was nearest first. While the leader was hesitating he heard a voice calling out of the window above: "Come on, my brave fellows, surround the house and secure the villains. They are now in the dining room, plundering."

That was enough. The leader did not know that not a soldier was about the place, nor that the call was made by the General, who had followed up the words of his quick-witted daughter. Not a "brave fellow" was near, and even the guards in the cellar, awakened by the confusion, could not find their guns. They did not know till afterward that General Schuyler's daughter, Mrs. Church, had removed them all, confident that all danger had passed, and fearful that her little boy, who delighted in playing with them, might be injured.

"Run, boys, run!" shouted the frightened Waltermeyer. "The Continentals are all around us!"

His companions needed no second warning, and delaying only long enough to secure their booty and capture the three guards on the lawn, began to run; and the early records tell us that they never stopped until they arrived on the borders of Canada. The guards, although they had no guns, used their brawny fists to good advantage, and if there had been a little more light might have escaped after all. Afterward they had no cause to regret their capture, however, for the records inform us of farms in Saratoga County presented by General Schuyler to John Tubbs, John Corlies and John Ward. John must have been a popular name in those days.

But General Schuyler was saved, and the heroism of his quick-witted daughter, who afterward became the wife of General Van Rensselaer, deserves a place among the stories of the days that tried the souls of many brave men.—The Independent.

A Pilgrim in the Far West

MRS. TARBELL'S LITTLE ROMANCE

By Anna Fuller

IN TWO PARTS: PART I

THE Peak was superb that morning—big and strong, and glittering with snow. Little Mrs. Nancy Tarbell turned, after shutting and locking the door of her cottage, and looked down the street, at the end of which the friendly giant stood out against a clear blue sky. The cottonwood trees, on either side of the road, were just coming into leaf, and their extended branches framed in her mighty neighbor in a most becoming manner. The water in the irrigating ditch beneath the trees was running merrily. The sound of it brought a wistful look into the cheerful old face. It made Mrs. Nancy think of the gay little brook in the pasture behind the house at home—at home, in far New England.

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Surely it must have been a strange wind of destiny that wafted this unadventurous little woman across half a continent to the very foot of the Rocky Mountains—a long and weary journey for the young and vigorous. Yet it was something no stranger than a mother's love for her only child. For "Willie's" sake the widow Tarbell had turned her back upon the dear New England woods and meadows, upon the tidy village where every man and woman was her friend; for his sake she had come to dwell among strangers in a barren land.

The homestead had been sold, and with the proceeds she paid their way across the prairies, and had bought a little house and a lot of land on the outskirts of Springtown, while Willie looked about him for something to do. But the enemy, before whom they had fled, followed them to the high, pure altitude it loves not, and before poor Willie had found anything to do he had been "called up higher." This was the phrase the minister used at Willie's funeral, and it had been peculiarly comforting to the bereaved mother. She had known well that her boy needed higher air—for that she had come to live six thousand feet above the level of the New England pastures. But the Lord saw that she, with her poor human wisdom, could not lead him to the needed height, and He had called him up higher yet, where are blessing and healing forever. With this abiding consolation in her heart, Willie's mother could face the shining Peak, day after day and month after month, with a countenance as brave and cheerful as his own. It was only when she listened to the sound of running waters that the wistful look came into her face.

Meanwhile it was good life-giving air that she breathed, and good warm sunshine that rested upon her, as she stepped briskly on her way. Her little cottage was no longer on the outskirts of the town. Stately mansions had risen up about her, and a long procession of houses now stretched far up to the northward. The people idly looking forth from the windows of the stately mansions did not realize how much a part of the landscape the little black figure had become, passing and repassing their doors. A small meek figure it was, with little indication of the bright spirit within. It was her "best dress" of ten years ago that she now "wore common." The folds of the skirt, cut in the fashion of a bygone day, offered ample accommodation for bustle and steels, and in the absence of these props the gown had a collapsed, inconsequent air. Then there was the thin cashmere shoulder cape, with the long slimsy fringe, which Willie, in his pride and fondness, had persuaded her to buy, and which had a curiously jaunty and inapt appearance on the narrow shoulders. The close black felt bonnet was rusty and of antiquated shape. And since few ever thought of looking within these prosaic externals to note the delicacy of the soft old cheek, and the sweet innocence of the faded blue eyes beneath the thin gray locks, it is, perhaps, no wonder that the dwellers in the stately mansions quite overlooked their modest and quiet little neighbor.

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Mrs. Nancy was expecting to bring back her marketing in the flat twine bag she carried, and she was also thinking of calling at the milliner's and inquiring the cost of having her old black straw bonnet pressed over and re-trimmed. She held her purse tightly between her fingers, incased in loose, black cotton gloves, as she tried to estimate the sum of such an unwonted outlay. Her means were very, very slender, yet she could not bear that Willie's mother should look too shabby.

And was that all? Who knows but that the spring instinct of renewal and rejuvenation played a part in her resolve quite independent of the perennial thought of Willie? The drama of life does not cease even in the most unobtrusive consciousness. It was going on in little Mrs. Nancy's brain at every step of her morning walk. As the shriek of a locomotive rent the air, a bright smile suddenly crossed her face. Her thoughts had taken a different and more inspiring turn.

"Who knows?" she said to herself. "Maybe that is the very engine that will take me home some day—when Atchison begins to pay again."

The noisy engines had always a reassuring sound to her ears. She would sometimes lie in bed listening with rapture to their discordant cries. They were the willing servants that would one day carry her eastward, miles upon miles, hours upon hours—eastward to the old home, within smell of the salt air, where there were familiar faces to welcome her, and familiar voices to speak to Willie in loving tones of sympathy.

The people here, the few she knew, were very kind, but they seemed to have forgotten Willie, and she did not care to speak of him. But all the home folks would flock to meet her and to hear of his last brave hours. How glad they would be to know that he had lacked nothing! Atchison had given them all they needed while Willie was alive. She blessed Heaven for that.

She had arrived in the business part of the town, where wagons and foot passengers thronged at this hour of the morning. She willingly let them divert her thoughts. She liked the bustle and hurry of the scene. The well-dressed men and women, in their trim turnouts, little guessed what pleasure their high-stepping horses and silver-mounted harnesses gave to the modest little woman, threading her way unnoticed among the people on the sidewalk.

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Suddenly Mrs. Nancy's pleased survey of the scene was interrupted. Glancing down a side street she beheld a sight which made her heart beat hard. A big, rough-looking man was striding along the sidewalk, dragging at the end of a long pole a frightened white dog. The dog was pulling back with might and main, scarcely using its unwilling legs in its enforced progress over the ground. What could it mean? Was the dog mad? He looked harmless enough. They were only a few rods off, and Mrs. Nancy soon overtook them. The dog proved to be a small white collie, and as she came up with him he gave her an appealing look out of his great brown eyes which filled her with compassion and indignation.

"What are you doing with that dog?" she demanded, in a peremptory tone of voice quite out of keeping with the rusty black bonnet.

"Doin'?" repeated the man, surprised. "I'm takin' him to the City Hall."

"What for?"

"He ain't got no license on."

"And what are you going to do with him when you get him there?"

"I ain't goin' to do nothin' with him."

"Will they put a license on him?"

"Not much! He won't need no license after to-morrow morning." The man's grin seemed perfectly diabolical.

"You don't mean they'll kill him?"

"I reckon that's about the size of it."

"But suppose the owner would rather pay the license?" she urged.

"Then he'd better step round lively and pay it. There ain't no time to lose. The law was up on the 1st of May, and the owner'd ought to have attended to it before now."

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The unutterable tragedy of the situation was heightened by the needless humiliation and terror of the victim, and once again Mrs. Nancy protested.

"What makes you drag him at the end of that pole?"

"I ain't goin' to give him a chance at my breeches, not if I knows myself," replied the man defiantly.

"He wouldn't hurt your pantaloons. See how gentle he is!" and the little woman pulled off her glove to pat the pretty white head. As the grateful creature licked her hand she felt a thrill of new pity and tenderness. By this time they were at the City Hall. "What do you have to pay for a license?" she asked.

"Two good solid dollars," said the man. "I never seen a dog yet that was worth that money; did you?" And dog and persecutor disappeared together within a sinister-looking basement door.

Mrs. Nancy Tarbell stood for a moment irresolute, and then she slowly wended her way along the sidewalk, pondering the thing she had seen. Two dollars! That was a large sum of money in these hard times. Could she possibly spare it? She did not know yet what her tax bill would be, but for some unexplained reason it turned out to be larger every year. She supposed it was owing to the improvements they were making in the town, and she had too much self-respect to protest. But it was really getting to be a serious matter.

In her perplexity and absorption the little lady had turned eastward, and presently she found herself close upon a railroad track over which a freight train was slowly passing. It was the Atchison road, and she watched with interest the long, slow train.

"They appear to be doing a good business," she said to herself. "Seems as though they might make out to pay something or other."

When the train had passed she stepped across the track, looking with interest at the well-laid rails and the solid ties. "Queer, isn't it?" she thought. "Now, I own six thousand dollars' worth of that track, and yet I can't squeeze out of it enough to pay a poor little dog's license."

She never could think without a feeling of awe of the magnitude of the sum left her by her thrifty husband, the bulk of which sum was represented by those unfruitful certificates. She stooped and felt the rails, looking cautiously up and down the road to be sure no train was coming. After all, it was consoling to think that that good honest steel and timber was partly her property.

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"Queer, isn't it," she reflected, as she had often done before, "that there isn't any way that I can think of to make my own road take me home? Anyhow, I'll buy that license just to spite 'em," she exclaimed, with sudden decision; and shaking the dust of Atchison from her feet, and the far more bewildering dust of financial perplexities from her mind, she walked quickly back to town.

It took a certain amount of resolution to turn the handle of the sinister-looking door, and the group of men lounging in the smoking room, and turning upon her inquisitive glances as she entered, might even then have daunted her, had not her eye fallen upon a bunch of whitish hair in one corner.

As she stepped into the room a white tail disengaged itself from the round hairy bundle and began pathetically to beat the floor, while two very beautiful and beseeching eyes were fixed upon her face. Had she still been irresolute this mute appeal would have been irresistible, and suddenly feeling as bold as a lion she stepped up to the desk where the City Marshal was throned and demanded a license for the white dog. The two great silver dollars which she drew from her purse looked very large to the widow Tarbell, yet it was with a feeling of exultation that she paid them as ransom for the white dog. In return for the money she received a small, round piece of metal with a hole bored through it, bearing a certain mystic legend which was to act as talisman to the wearer. Her name and address were duly entered on the books. Then her agitated little beneficiary was untied from the chair-leg, the rope which bound him was put into her hands, and with a polite courtesy Mrs. Tarbell turned to go home, leading the dog.

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By a sudden impulse one of the rough-looking men got up from his chair, and, taking his hat off, opened the door. A light flush crossed the little woman's cheek as she accepted the attention, and then the two small figures, the black and the white, passed out into the delightful Colorado sunshine.

"She looked 'most too small to handle that big door," said the tall fellow, apologetically, as he re-established his wide sombrero on the back of his head, and, resuming his seat, tilted his chair once more against the wall. The other men smoked on in silence. No one felt inclined to chaff this shamefaced Bayard. Mrs. Tarbell, meanwhile, led her willing captive along, delighting in his cheerful aspect and expressive tail. He was dirty, to be sure, and he was presumably hungry. Who could tell what hardships he had suffered before falling into the brutal hands of the law?

Before they had gone two blocks Mrs. Nancy had named the collie David. She had no question whatever about the name, for had he not been delivered out of the hands of the Philistines? She was patient with him when he paused to make the acquaintance of other dogs, and even once when he succeeded in winding the cord tightly about her ankles. Nevertheless it was a relief to get him home, and to tie him to the post of her front porch, where he established himself with entire willingness, and promptly dropping asleep forgot his perils and escape.

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The first care of his new friend on arriving home was to secure the license upon him. He was collarless, and she was a good deal "put to it" to supply the lack. At last she resolved to sacrifice her shawl strap in the emergency. She might miss it, to be sure, when she came to go home, but then, she reflected, if she were once on her way home she would not care about any little inconvenience. So, as soon as she and David had had a good dinner, she got down the old strap, which had hung on a certain nail for five long years, and taking a kitchen knife, ruthlessly chopped it off to the right length. Then she bored a new hole with her scissors for the tongue of the buckle to pass through, and, going to Willie's tool-box, found a short piece of wire with which—it seemed but the other day—he had been tinkering something about the house. With the wire she fastened

the license securely to the collar. But before David could be found worthy of such decoration, he was subjected to a pretty severe bath in an old tub in the back yard.

Poor David! This was a novel and painful dispensation, and he submitted only under protest. But his new mistress was firm, and, arrayed in her oldest calico gown, with spectacles on her nose, she applied herself, with the energy and determination of all her New England grandmothers, to the task of scrubbing, and soaping, and squeezing, and combing the dirt out of the long, thick hair. Three tubs of water were barely sufficient for the process, but finally David emerged, subdued, but clean, looking very limp and draggled, and so much smaller because of his wet, close-clinging coat that for a moment Mrs. Nancy thought, with a pang, that she might have washed away a part of the original dog.

When the sun dried the fluffy hair, and when she fastened the new collar about the neck of the spotless animal, she let him lick her very face, so delighted were both with the result of her labors. The rest of the afternoon they passed amicably together on the sunny porch. She would look up occasionally from her sewing and say, "Good doggy!" and David would immediately wag his tail in delighted response. He was extremely mannerly and appreciative of the slightest attention—always excepting his enforced ablutions—and he seemed to approve of the kind eyes of his little protectress as warmly as she approved of his cool, leathery nose and speaking ears. As often as he moved, his license, hitting against the collar-buckle, made a safe, cheerful sound, and Mrs. Nancy felt quite overcome with joy and gratitude at having been the chosen instrument of his preservation. When she lighted the lamp, in the evening, and began her regular game of backgammon, David curled himself up at her feet in a most companionable manner, and pricked up his ears at the fall of the dice.

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But for her backgammon, it would be difficult to imagine what Mrs. Tarbell would have done with her evenings, for her eyes were not strong enough for reading or sewing. She got the habit of playing backgammon with Willie, after he became too weak for more active occupations, and they had kept the score in a little green blank-book. After he died she had missed the game, and she had found it pleasant to take it up again, and to play for both herself and Willie. The score, too, had been continued in the old book. At the top of each new page she wrote in her precise old-fashioned hand, "Mother," "Willie," and under her name all the victories of the "whites" were scored, while those of the "blacks" were still recorded to Willie's credit. After a while her eyesight began to fail still more, and it became necessary to lift the dice and examine them "near to." Then, gradually, she found that the black checkers occasionally eluded her, and that she was straining her eyes in her efforts to see them in the shadowy corners of the board. When, at last, she found that, by an oversight, she had committed a flagrant injustice to Willie's interests, she felt that something must be done. Being fertile in resource, she presently bethought herself of the bright-colored wafers she had played with in her childhood, and to her joy she found they were still to be bought. Having possessed herself of a box of them, she proceeded to stick a glittering gilt star upon each side of each checker, both black and white, after which the checker-board took on a showy theatrical appearance.

Mrs. Nancy rarely felt lonely when playing backgammon. The click of the dice sounded cheerful and sociable; the checkers, with their shining eyes, seemed to take a real interest in the game; and when she scored the result to "Willie" or to "Mother," the old familiar every-day relation seemed restored between them.

To-night Willie was having all the luck, and that was sure to put his mother in the best of spirits. She played on and on, much later than her custom was, till at last the luck turned, and looking at her flat, gold-faced watch, she found, with a shock, that it was ten minutes after ten o'clock.

"My sakes!" she cried. "I ought to be ashamed of myself. Come, David, come right along to bed. You're going to sleep on the mat at the back door."

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David, who was nothing if not amenable, cheerfully acceded to this arrangement. Even before his new mistress had finished tying him to the railing, he had curled himself up on the mat and was fast asleep. When she patted him on the head, however, by way of good-night, his tail gave a responsive wag, and little Mrs. Nancy left him with the friendliest of feelings.

The next morning the dog was gone. Yes, incredible as it seems, that graceless dog was gone—gone without a word of farewell.

Mrs. Nancy was standing gazing in dejected mood at the fragment of string he had left behind him, when the milkman, one of her special cronies, arrived. The good-natured Sam was full of sympathy.

"I reckon he came in with some ranchman yesterday and got lost in the town. Like as not he's gone home. Goodness! I'd just like to see that ranchman when his dog gits back with a locket round his neck!"

"I washed him, too, Sam," Mrs. Nancy lamented, as she accompanied her visitor to the gate.

"You washed him!" he cried, as he got into his cart. "Jerusalem! I guess that's the first time a ranch dog ever got a taste of a bath."

And the cart rattled off, leaving David's little friend standing at the gate. It was just after sunrise, and she looked down the street to the mountains, which were bathed in a flood of translucent crimson reflected from the east.

"I wonder if the walls of the Heavenly Jerusalem look very different from that!" she mused, as she gazed into the deepening color. When she turned back to the house, she had almost forgotten the ungrateful runaway in thoughts of her boy and his Heavenly abiding-place.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT]

Editor's Note—This story is taken from Pike and Peak, a collection of short stories by Anna Fuller, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

At the Siege of Berlin

THE VETERAN SOLDIER AND HIS GRANDCHILD

By Alphonse Daudet

WE WERE going to the Champs-Elysées with Doctor V——, gathering from the walls pierced by shell, the pavement plowed by grape-shot, the history of besieged Paris, when, just before reaching the Place de l'Etoile, the Doctor stopped and pointed out to me one of those larger corner-houses so pompously grouped around the Arc de Triomphe.

"Do you see," asked he, "those four closed windows on the balcony up there? In the beginning of August, that terrible month of August in '70, so laden with storm and disaster, I was summoned there to attend a case of apoplexy.

"The sufferer was Colonel Jouve, an old cuirassier of the First Empire, full of enthusiasm for glory and patriotism, who, at the commencement of the war, had taken an apartment with a balcony in the Champs-Elysées—for what do you think? To assist at the triumphal entry of our troops! Poor old man! The news of Wissembourg arrived as he was rising from the table. On reading the name of Napoleon at the foot of that bulletin of defeat he fell senseless!

"I found the old cuirassier stretched upon the floor, his face bleeding, and inert as from the blow of a club. Standing, he would have been very tall, lying, he looked immense; with fine features, beautiful teeth, and white, curling hair, carrying his eighty years as though they had been sixty. Beside him knelt his granddaughter, in tears. She resembled him. They reminded me of two Greek medallions stamped with the same impress: only the one was antique, earth-stained, its outlines somewhat worn; the other, beautiful, in all the lustre of freshness.

"The child's deep sorrow touched me. Daughter and granddaughter of soldiers, for her father was on MacMahon's staff, the sight of this old man stretched before her evoked in her mind another vision no less terrible. I did my best to reassure her, though in reality I had but little hope. We had to contend with hemoptysis, from which at eighty there is small chance of recovery.

"For three days the patient remained in the same condition of immobility and stupor. Meanwhile came the news of Reichshofen—you remember how strangely? Till the evening we all believed in a great victory—twenty thousand Prussians killed, the Crown Prince prisoner—Napoleon victorious.

"I cannot tell by what miracle, by what magnetic current, an echo of this National joy can have reached our poor invalid, hitherto deaf to all around him; but that evening, on approaching the bed, I found a new man. His eye was almost clear, his speech less difficult, and he had the strength to smile and stammer:

"'Victory, victory!'

"'Yes, Colonel, a great victory.' And as I gave the details of MacMahon's splendid success, I saw his features relax and his countenance brighten.

"When I went out, his granddaughter was waiting for me, pale and sobbing.

"'But he is saved,' said I, taking her hands.

"The poor child had hardly courage to answer me. The true Reichshofen had just been announced; MacMahon a fugitive, the whole army crushed. We looked at each other in consternation—she anxious at the thought of her father, I trembling for the grandfather. Certainly he would not bear this new shock. And yet what could we do? Let him enjoy the illusion that had revived him? But then we should have to deceive him—and that would be hard to do.

"'Well, then, I will deceive him!' said the brave girl, and, hastily wiping away her tears, she reëntered her grandfather's room with a beaming face.

"It was a hard task she had set herself. For the first few days it was comparatively easy, as the old man's head was weak, and he was as credulous as a child. But with returning health came clearer ideas. It was necessary to keep him informed of the movements of the army and to invent military bulletins. It was pitiful to see that beautiful girl bending night and day over her map of Germany, marking it with little flags, forcing herself to combine the whole of a glorious campaign—Bazaine on the road to Berlin! Frossard in Bavaria! MacMahon on the Baltic!

"In all this she asked my counsel, and I helped her as far as I could; but it was the grandfather who did the most for us in this imaginary invasion. He had conquered Germany so often during the First Empire! He knew all the moves beforehand: 'Now they should go there. This is what they will do,' and his anticipations were always realized, not a little to his joy and pride. Unfortunately we might take towns and gain battles, but we never went fast enough for the Colonel. He was insatiable. Every day I was greeted with a fresh feat of arms.

"'Doctor, we have taken Mayence,' said the young girl, coming to meet me with a heart-rending smile, and through the door I heard a joyous voice crying:

"'We are getting on, we are getting on! In a week we shall enter Berlin!'

*

"At that very moment the Prussians were but a week from Paris. At first we thought it might be better to move to the provinces, but once out-of-doors, the state of the country would have told him all, and I thought him still too weak, too enervated, to know the truth. It was, therefore, decided that they should stay where they were.

"On the first day of the investment I went to see my patient—much agitated, I remember, and with that pang in my heart which we all felt at knowing that the gates of Paris were shut, that the war was under our walls, that our suburbs had become our frontiers.

"I found the old man jubilant and proud.

"'Well,' said he, 'the siege has begun!'

"I looked at him stupefied.

"'How, Colonel, do you know?'

"His granddaughter turned to me: 'Oh, yes, Doctor, it is great news. The siege of Berlin has begun.'

"She said this composedly, while drawing out her needle. How could he suspect anything? He could not hear the cannon nor see that unhappy Paris, so sullen and disorderly. All he saw from his bed was calculated to keep up his delusion. Outside was the Arc de Triomphe, and in the room quite a collection of souvenirs of the First Empire. Portraits of Marshals, engravings of battles, the King of Rome in his baby-robes; the stiff consoles, ornamented with trophies in brass, were covered with imperial relics, medals, bronzes; a stone from St. Helena under a glass shade; miniatures all representing the same becurled lady, with light eyes, in ball dress, in a yellow gown with leg-of-mutton sleeves; and all—the consoles, the King of Rome, the medals, the yellow ladies with short waists and sashes under their arms in that style of awkward stiffness which was the grace of 1806—good Colonel! it was this atmosphere of victory and conquest, rather than all we could say, which made him believe so naively in the siege of Berlin.

"From that day our military operations became much simpler. Taking Berlin was merely a matter of patience. Every now and then, when the old man was tired of waiting, a letter from his son was read to him—an imaginary letter, of course, as nothing could enter Paris, and as, since Sedan, MacMahon's aide-de-camp had been sent to a German fortress. Can you not imagine the despair of the poor girl, without tidings of her father, knowing him to be a prisoner, deprived of all comforts, perhaps ill, and yet obliged to make him speak in letters, somewhat short, as from a soldier in the field, always advancing in a conquered country?

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"Sometimes, when the invalid was weaker than usual, weeks passed without fresh news. But when he was anxious and unable to sleep, suddenly a letter arrived from Germany, which she read gayly at his bedside, struggling hard with her tears. The Colonel listened religiously, smiling with an air of superiority, approving, criticising, explaining; but it was in the answers to his son that he was at his best. 'Never forget that you are a Frenchman,' he wrote; 'be generous to these poor people. Do not make the invasion too hard for them.' His advice was never-ending—edifying sermons about respect of property, the politeness due to ladies—in short, quite a code of military honor for the use of conquerors. With all this, he put in some general reflections on politics and the conditions of the peace to be imposed on the vanquished.

"'The war indemnity and nothing else. It is not well to take provinces. Can one turn Germany into France?'

"He dictated this with so firm a voice, and one felt so much sincerity in his words, so much patriotic faith, that it was impossible to listen to him unmoved.

"Meanwhile the siege went on—not the siege of Berlin, alas! We were at the worst period of cold, of bombardment, of epidemic, of famine. But, thanks to our care and the indefatigable tenderness which surrounded him, the old man's serenity was never for a moment disturbed. Up to the end I was able to procure white bread and fresh meat for him, but for him only.

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"You could not imagine anything more touching than those breakfasts of the grandfather, so innocently egotistic, sitting up in bed, fresh and smiling, the napkin tied under his chin; at his side his granddaughter, pale from her privations, guiding his hands, making him drink, helping him to eat all these good, forbidden things. Then, revived by the repast, in the comfort of his warm room, with the wintry wind shut out and the snow eddying about the window, the bold cuirassier would recall his northern campaigns and would relate to us that disastrous retreat in Russia, where there was nothing to eat but frozen biscuit and horse-flesh, and not much of either.

"'Can you understand that, little one? We ate horse-flesh.'

"I should think she did understand it. For two months she had tasted nothing else. As convalescence approached, our task daily increased in difficulty. The numbness of the Colonel's senses, as well as of his limbs, which had hitherto helped us so much, was beginning to pass away.

"Once or twice, already, those terrible volleys at the Porte Maillot had made him start and prick up his ears like a war-horse; we were obliged to invent a recent victory of Bazaine's before Berlin and salvos fired from the Invalides in honor of it. Another day (the Thursday of Buzenval, I think it was) his bed had been pushed to the window, whence he saw some of the National Guard massed upon the Avenue de la Grand Armée.

"'What soldiers are those?' he asked, and we heard him grumbling, 'Badly drilled, badly drilled.'

"Nothing came of this, but we understood that henceforth greater precautions were necessary. Unfortunately, we had not been careful enough.

"One evening I was met by the child, in much trouble.

"'It is to-morrow they make their entry,' she said.

"Could the grandfather's door have been open? I remember that all that evening his face wore an extraordinary expression. Probably he had overheard us; only we spoke of the Prussians and he thought of the French, of the triumphal entry he had so long expected, MacMahon descending the avenue amidst flowers and flourish of trumpets, his own son riding beside the Marshal, and he himself on his balcony, in full uniform as at Lützen, saluting the ragged colors and the eagles blackened by powder.

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"Poor Colonel Jouve! He no doubt imagined that we wished to prevent his assisting at the defile of our troops, lest the emotion should prove too strong for him, and therefore took care to say nothing to us; but the next day, just at the time the Prussian battalions cautiously entered the long road leading from the Porte Maillot to the Tuileries, the window up there was softly opened and the Colonel appeared on the balcony with his helmet, his sword, all his long-unused but glorious apparel of Milhaud's cuirassiers.

"I often ask myself what supreme effort of will, what sudden impulse of fading vitality, had placed him thus erect in harness.

"All we know is that he was there, standing at the railing, wondering to find the wide avenues so silent, the shutters all closed, Paris like a great lazaretto, flags everywhere, but such strange ones—white with red crosses—and no one to meet our soldiers.

"For a moment he may have thought himself mistaken.

"But no! there, behind the Arc de Triomphe, there was a confused sound, a black line advancing in the growing daylight—then, little by little, the spikes of the Uhlans' helmets glisten, the little Prussian drums begin to beat, and under the Arch of the Star, accompanied by the heavy tramp of the troops, by the clatter of sabres, bursts forth Schubert's 'Triumphal March.'

"In the dead silence of the street was heard a cry—a terrible cry:

"'To arms!—to arms!—the Prussians!' And the four Uhlans of the advance guard might have seen up there, on the balcony, a tall old man stagger, wave his arms, and fall. This time Colonel Jouve was really dead."—Translated for the Argonaut.

* * *

Identifying Poultney Bigelow.—The well-known writer and correspondent, Poultney Bigelow, took the chair at Percy Fitzgerald's lecture on Dickens, at Chelsea, and in coming out of the hall a lady was heard inquiring of her husband, "Who is this Poultney Bigelow?" There was quite a compassionate tone in her husband's voice when he replied, "Why, have you never heard of the author of the Bigelow Papers?"

My Angel Guide

By David Banks Sickels

I CANNOT feel that thou art dead,
Dear angel of my life and love,
But only for a season fled,
To roam the fairer fields above.

I wait, and watch, and hope, and pray,
And quell the fears that give me pain,
Nor think, despite their long delay,
That thou wilt never come again.

From boyhood ever at my side,
To guard me 'mid its scenes of strife,
Thou hast become my angel guide,
To lead me through the maze of life.

When yielding to the tempter's sway,
That oft my wayward heart beguiles,
"Resist," I hear thee softly say,
And see thy sweet, reproving smiles.

—From Leaves of the Lotus.

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Great Ko-Ko, the Clown

RETURNING AT THE TWELFTH HOUR

By H. D. Lowry

THE end was very near. Joanna had been weakly all her life, and before her death there were five years during which she was bedridden. I had thought when I saw her at night that she would assuredly be gone before the morning, but now at midday she was still alive, still conscious.

The woman who was with her watched me as I approached the bedside; in a moment she had comprehended my judgment upon the case. She crossed the room and opened the window very quietly, that the soul of Joanna might escape without trouble when presently it should be released from its prison of the flesh. The sick woman had not been sleeping, though her eyes were closed. The little movement aroused her; she turned in the bed and looked into my face.

I pulled a chair from its corner and sat down. "Well, Joanna," I said, "how is it to-day?"

"Why, Doctor," she answered quietly, "how can 'ee pretend you don't know how 'tis without tellin'? 'Tis a few more hours for me, or perhaps a few more minutes, and then Home. The Lord hath dealt bountifully with His handmaiden; but I could wish Thomas-James was here. A good son! 'Twould be a comfort to have him here at last, after twelve years without seeing him."

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Joanna had been many years a widow and childless. At the age of forty she had married a miner who had already a family of six; and in due season she had borne a son, Thomas-James. When she became a widow for the second time, the children of her husband had been very generous, so that from the first she was saved the awful fear of poverty, and knew that she might look to die in the little cottage in Tallywarn Street, where her husband had left her. But though they dealt with her very kindly, discharging more than the full duty of children, her heart was bound up in the boy, Thomas-James.

Joanna was too old for perfect wisdom.

The boy had in him the possibilities of many admirable virtues, for whose sake he became the favorite of all men. But because the widow was weakly fond of him, and at the same time apt to be duly alarmed at escapades which were but boyishness in action, the ultimate development of these good qualities was into vices, or, at the least, to weaknesses. The boy had a pretty humor and a beautiful soprano voice. All Tallywarn talked at divers times of the intrigues of rival choirmasters anxious to secure his services; and when the Tallywarn *Ethiopian Minstrels* made their first appearance, Thomas-James won all hearts by his rendering of sentimental plantation songs.

He did no particular harm, but he was very much before the public, and thus all his deeds were assured of notoriety.

Moreover, Joanna was already past the age when a woman should be asked to discipline the young, and found his smallest indiscretion ineffably shocking. In the end the boy came to think of himself as a very desperate character indeed, and at the age of eighteen—merely, I conceive, through the influence of this delusion, and because it seemed the proper thing for such a youth as himself to do—he ran away from home.

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Twelve years had passed from the time of his disappearance when I entered Joanna's bedroom that bleak February morning, and though he had sometimes written, and very often sent her money, he had never once visited her. And now, as she lay dying, her thoughts were of him.

She lay with her eyes closed and murmured inaudibly; only, once or twice, I caught the name of her son. And, because I knew the end must be soon, I waited.

There seemed to be more noise than usual in Tallywarn Street, though it is always a busy place until doors are closed and lights grow fewer at half past nine. I went to the open window. The pavements on both sides were filled with men, women and children, all of whom were looking intently down the long street in the direction of the town.

At last a murmur ran along the street; people ceased to talk, and stared west toward the square. There was heard suddenly the bray of a brass band, and a woman ran from her place upon the causeway to her cottage door. "Susan-Jane!" she cried excitedly. "Susan-Jane! The riders is comin'." And immediately another woman appeared and wiped the soapsuds from arms bare to the elbow, as she took up her stand with the rest.

Joanna was too far gone to be much disturbed by the noise. The band came slowly nearer, and as it approached and passed beneath the window there was a great hubbub of voices. But the widow lay very quiet. "Twelve years," she murmured presently, "twelve years since he went away; and he was nearly a grown man then. I could die easier if he was here."

She opened her eyes, and the woman who had been attending her (one of the stepdaughters) moved nearer. Even now a hot flush came to the old face as Joanna realized that her words might have given pain.

"You was all of 'ee good to me; sometimes, before Thomas-James went away, I used to fancy I couldn't have been dearer to you, nor you to me, if you had been born children to me. But you're a mother now; you do know that a mother must think of her own. Every day since he went I've been longin' to see the boy again; every day he filled my mind and heart; I shall still be longin' for him when I'm with the Lord."

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The band had reached the Bryanite chapel by this time, and, turning, had gone back by another way toward the town. The noise was somewhat less, but the riders themselves were passing in straggling procession up the street, and as they went by the people on the pavement made remarks on their bearing and appearance, being vastly critical of such outdoor demonstrations, though too poor to be well acquainted with the inside of the circus-tent. Presently there was a great noise of laughter and cheering from the remoter end of the street. I remembered that "the Great Ko-Ko," a clown, was to walk on his high stilts in the procession, and immediately guessed that he was coming; for in Tallywarn a circus stands or falls by the merits of its "merry men." Presently, the window being open, one could catch some of the rude jests the great man was exchanging with those who watched him from cottage windows.

The younger woman was manifestly perturbed and angered at this intrusion of worldliness upon a death scene; but Joanna's peace was undisturbed.

"Longin' for 'ee even in Heaven!" she murmured. "And never satisfied until I do find his voice amid the singin'. He had such a lovely voice; do 'ee mind how he used to sing 'Shall we gather at the river?' standin' all by himself in the front of the choir-gallery up to Bryanite's, and the very preacher turnin' round in the pulpit to listen, 'stead o' thinkin' 'pon what he should say when it came to sermon time? 'Twould be sweet to go Home with the voice of en still ringin' in my ears."

I had thought the younger woman a little unsympathetic, but her next act was very tenderly inspired. She began to sing the old hymn softly, and because her heart was very full of love there was something in her voice which might have made death easier to Joanna. She sang one verse.

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Then the noise became louder than it had been at all. She looked confusedly toward the open window and forgot to go on with her singing, for the clown, solemnly stalking on his stilts, was very near, and it was possible to hear every word he said.

I rose from my chair, and was upon the point of stepping to the window to close it, when a sudden movement called my attention to Joanna.

She had started up in the bed and was leaning forward, eagerly attentive, every feature radiant with an exquisite and growing happiness. "Thomas-James!" she cried, "my son, my dear boy! come are 'ee? Aw, my dear, my heart was sick wi' longin' for 'ee."

The radiant happiness faded, as she paused, to a peace that was yet more beautiful. Death had come very gently, and the frail figure fell back lightly upon the pillows.

The stepdaughter had sprung forward, but seeing the quietness of the old face she stood silent and still. At last she looked at me.

"You may pull down the blind," I said.

The noise had now become intolerable. The woman had but half drawn the white blind when she started back with a cry of indignant horror. For a hideous, grinning face appeared outside the window, and the people roared when Great Ko-Ko spoke.

"Why so shy, pretty maid?" he said. "There's no need——"

The knowledge must have come upon him suddenly, with the sight of his half-sister's face. The voice ceased; there was a woman's scream and the sound of a heavy fall. Then, after an interval of silence, I heard a door opened below, and a man stumbled up the stairs and entered the room. His face was plastered with flour and uncouthly daubed with vermilion. The blood streamed from a cut upon his forehead.

For one moment he looked at the still figure which lay upon the bed. Then he fell forward upon his knees, crying and sobbing as he might have done had he been still the young lad for whom Joanna had longed while she lay dying.—From Women's Tragedies, published by Roberts Brothers.

In Temporary Command

AN EPISODE OF THE TURKO-GREEK WAR

By Theodore Thearle

I IMPLORE you, Sophia, to listen to reason and come with me at once; every moment's delay is increasing our peril."

"And be a coward!" she interrupted, with such withering scorn in the last word that a flush rose to my cheeks.

"Precaution is not cowardice, but wisdom," I retorted, somewhat nettled; "while to remain here another hour is simply madness. Look yonder; there are the Turkish camp-fires not four miles distant; while, from what I could learn this afternoon the Greeks are retreating, and have changed their line of defense so that there is actually at this moment not a man between us and the enemy. We may expect a visit from some of their scouts at any instant. Such a house as this will not long escape their gaze."

"Don't dare tell me, Jack, that the Greeks are retreating. It is a downright lie, and I scorn the teller." With that she stamped her little foot so vehemently that I started at the wild, patriotic passion that fired this flashing-eyed Thessalian maid. Angry and annoyed though I was at her stubborn resistance to my wish, my admiration and love for her was only inflamed by her unselfish and reckless heroism.

"Come, like a good girl, and talk sensibly," I replied in a coaxing manner, trying at the same time to take hold of one of her hands, which, however, she indignantly withdrew. "There is no denying we are between two fires at present. To-morrow, more than likely, there will be a battle, and your father's house, here, is sure to be seized by the Turks. What will become of you then, Sophia?" and I shrugged my shoulders by way of warning.

"No, Jack; I shall stick to my post," she answered persistently. "If there is a battle, all the greater need for me to be here to tend the wounded. Who knows but my father or brothers may be carried in here, and shall I be less brave than they? Besides, I have no fear for the Greeks; they will soon drive the Turks out of this helter-skelter. As soon as it is daylight I shall hoist the Greek flag, so they may know where I am."

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"For Heaven's sake don't do that, Sophia; it will bring a horde of Turks down on you at once. What a fool I have been to remain here so long, or let you stay, either! It was my love for you, Sophia," I added in tenderest tones, "that made me consent to your willful delay."

"You might have been better occupied fighting for dear old Greece. I was competent to look after myself," was the cool rejoinder.

"Precious little use I would be to them. I always find people can manage their own affairs much better without the fussing help of outsiders. I am not a boaster, like some others I know."

"By your cowardly sarcasm you mean Captain Xenides. It little becomes you to miscall a brave man who is fighting nobly for his country, while you, professing love for me, hang around, with your hands in your pockets, doing nothing."

"Except risking my head every moment I wait here, which is more than that penniless adventurer would dare do for you. You know well the Turks have good cause to hate me. My love for you, Sophia, has led me to spend more money than was either safe or prudent in helping to arm your thankless nation."

The deep flush of anger that heightened the color on cheek and forehead of this handsome, high-blooded girl, warned me that my jealous frenzy at the name of a dreaded rival had over-stepped the mark.

"Ah, you English! You are all alike, a race of shopkeepers. It is always money, money, with you. You boast and brag of it as if it should buy everything. In your arrogance and conceit, no doubt, you think you have a right to me, being the richest bidder. How I do pity your poor English girls! But it is time you learned a lesson; and I am glad I am here to teach you there is something your money can't buy, and that is a Greek girl's heart. That can only be won by the brave man who fears skulking, but who dares fight for his country."

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"Now look here, Sophia, before this wretched, foolish war broke out, and that mealy mouthed Xenides put such nonsense into your head, you were a sensible girl; and I think, Sophia, you cared a little for me."

"Sensible! Thank you for your complimentary condescension. I suppose all 'sensible' girls in England fetch higher prices. As for caring for you then, why, that was before your courage had been tested——"

"And you had seen the smart uniform and dashing bearing of Captain Xenides," I added, with a slight show of scorn.

Then, as I thought a moment, a resolution formed itself to go over to the Greek lines, and by representing her danger to the commander, prevail upon him, for her father's sake—a well-known Colonel—to send a small contingent to rescue her from her peril, for my heart sickened at the thought of such a beautiful girl falling into the hands of the dreaded Turks.

"Now, Sophia, time is precious. Not caring to lose my head, I am determined to put some miles between myself and these swarthy rascals over there," I said, pointing to an irregular line of flickering flames that now seemed brighter in the gathering dusk. "If you will not come, then I must say good-by—perhaps—forever."

My faltering tones suddenly seemed to touch the deeper passionate nature of the girl, and there, in the darkness, she took my hand:

"You have been a kind friend to me, Jack, and should we never meet again you will sometimes think of me, Jack, won't you? My duty will not let me go with you. If I fall into the hands of the Turks, and if they are as bad as report makes them out to be, do not fear on my account. See"—and she opened the bosom of her dress and took out a small revolver, whose polished steel muzzle glistened in the darkness—"that will rob them of their prey. Good-by."

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Then she lifted her beautiful face to mine, and in a moment my lips were pressed against hers in one long kiss, until she gently pushed me back, and, turning round, vanished into the house, leaving me in the garden alone.

My first impulse was to dash after her and avow my intention of standing by her and defending her to the last; but a moment's reflection showed me the folly of such an idea. What could one man do against a multitude of armed soldiers? Besides, if I could possibly reach the Greek lines I might succeed in getting a company to come to her rescue.

This last thought determined my movements at once. Taking a glance at the dim glare that marked the position of the Greek camp-fires, I started off at a brisk pace in that direction.

The stillness as of foreboding death reigned over the land. Above the darkness one by one the stars peeped out, like the distant camp-fires of a Heavenly host.

But there was little time to think of the beauty of the night. If one has ever tried to cross a vine-growing country, especially at night, he will know and appreciate the difficulties that faced me; high walls to scale and deep ditches to jump tested temper and patience.

I had just reached a little stone-paved path, winding in and out among the vineyards and olive groves, when I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs behind. A lemon tree grew near at hand, and in a few seconds I had climbed into its branches, hiding myself as best I could amid its leaves.

A group of horsemen presently appeared, approaching at a walking pace, and the Turkish fez and the characteristic tunic soon indicated their nationality.

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I held my breath as they passed beneath, and catching a few of their words, which happened to be intelligible, I guessed that they were in search of some one.

I had scarcely descended and gone a few steps to the left through a vineyard, when I was arrested by the sound of talking just in front of me and almost walked into another Turkish patrol. Things were looking exceedingly unpleasant, and I bitterly repented having waited so long with such a foolhardy girl.

Slowly I groped my way back to seek the kindly shelter of the lemon tree, and as I did so I became aware of stealthy footsteps following. With the sudden impulse of flight I quickened my pace, but the cat-like tread followed hard behind. I had certainly been noticed, and yet I wondered at this mysterious mode of tracking. Why did they not challenge me at once? There was something suggestive of hidden deviltry in its slyness. All the stories of Turkish atrocities that had been circulating so freely among the Greeks flashed through my mind and made my nerves tingle with strange dread.

However, I kept stumbling on my way, ever conscious that my pursuer, with sinister purpose, never allowed me to escape his sight. If there had been just one I might have risked an encounter, but with so many Turkish soldiers around such a proceeding would be absurd; my only chance was to discover some place of concealment.

On arriving at the middle of a rather dense grove, I was on the point of turning to see if my silent pursuer was near at

hand, when I felt a sudden grasp on my throat, and I was borne to the ground by a powerful arm, as a voice whispered harshly in broken Turkish:

"Not a word or you are a dead man!" while the gleam of steel, in the shape of a dagger held aloft, enforced this strange and fierce command.

Knowing that in war threats are most summarily carried out, and that one dead man more or less matters little, I prudently held my peace, and a peculiar instinct restrained me from struggling.

For a while he held me motionless until the tramp of horses' hoofs on a neighboring road died away, and then, a weird curiosity overcoming my patience, I managed to gasp:

"What do you want?"

"Your clothes," came the muffled answer.

"Was the man mad?" I wondered; for what could he want with clothes, seeing that he was resplendent in officer's uniform? "Ah! most likely a deserter," I thought, "and wants an exchange of garments." Well, perhaps after all it might not be so bad for me; a uniform might help me pass the Turkish lines easier.

"Is that all?" I asked, still with whispered breath.

"Yes; an exchange."

"All right; there is my word of honor for it. I'll not betray you."

He relaxed his hold, and silently, in the stillness and gloom of the clump of trees, we each divested ourselves of our respective garments and made a fair exchange.

"Your name?" he whispered.

"James Henry Nuttall, of Liverpool."

I was going to ask his by way of return, when he suddenly vanished as stealthily as he had come. It was not until I had fastened the last buckle of my uniform that the awful truth dawned on me that he was a Greek officer, a spy most likely, sorely pressed by the enemy's scouts. I hastily glanced at my clothes; and, dark though it was, I soon recognized the Greek uniform, though I could not yet distinguish the color. That accounted for the strange Turkish accent of my assailant, which at first I had imagined was due to whispering and my own ignorance of the Greek language.

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My already evil plight had thus become vastly worse, for it was evident I personated the man for whom the soldiers were in search. Possibly he had been challenged and made off, with the Turks in pursuit, and in his desperation had crossed my path, when his quick wit suggested a chance of making his escape.

I smiled grimly as I thought my name would not extract much leniency from the Turks, for, owing to the silly love affair and my devotion to a headstrong girl, I had made myself most obnoxious to the Turkish authorities. I was regarded as partly responsible for the war by supplying money for arms and ammunition to freebooters.

Once more I heard footsteps and voices approaching. I seemed to be in a veritable nest of the enemy. In despair I gazed wildly round, looking in vain for some hiding-place. There was none. Two Turks were already in sight, and a shrill "Who goes there?" sounded in my ears, and I caught the glimpse of a raised rifle. With one bound I cleared a small mound of earth in front of me, and leaping over another wall, took to my heels as fast as my legs could carry me, while the swift "ping" of a bullet sped through the air close to my ear.

When a boy my only prizes at school had been for races, and, in a moment, I seemed to have recovered my old agility. As in that wild steeple-chase for life, I sprang over the succession of mud walls that surrounded the vineyards, the commands of the old drill-sergeant kept ever recurring: "Feet well together! Chest expanded!"

Fortunately I had taken a direction impossible for horsemen, so, save for the bullets that whistled past, I was unfollowed. My last leap, however, ended with an unexpected blow, as I fell down some twelve feet on the opposite side of the dike, and lay stunned on a heap of stones.

When I awoke to consciousness day had dawned, and the earth seemed actually to be trembling with the noise of battle. Away to my right an incessant roar of artillery showed that the war-cloud had burst, while every now and then a sharp, crackling fusillade told of hotter and closer engagements; and I would be startled at the sound of a loud whir as a shell passed overhead.

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Putting my hand into the breast pocket of my tunic, I discovered a small flask of liquor, which refreshed me; then starting to my feet, I followed the bed of a little river toward where a small party of Greeks were gallantly defending a grassy knoll. Partly covered by the banks of the stream, I managed to arrive at the spot with little danger, and had barely reached the top when I was accosted in a loud voice by a heated and smoke-begrimed-looking Major on horseback.

"Hello, Captain! Glad to see you, wherever you have dropped from. Have you a command?"

"No," I gasped half breathlessly. And then, before I could utter a word of explanation, he exclaimed:

"Here, then, take charge of this company. Both the other fellows are hit. Hold this mound at all hazards. I'll be back shortly"; and setting spurs to his horse, he galloped away till lost in the clouds of smoke that hung deep and heavy over the scene of conflict.

"Well, that's cool!" I murmured, as, taking out my white silk handkerchief, to which I had clung in the exchange, I wiped the perspiration and dust from my face. I, James Henry Nuttall, banker, of Liverpool, and manager of the Anglo-Greek Heritable Trust, Limited, in command of a company! I knew that most of my acquaintances would be likely to say, "Pity the company!"

It was impossible to follow the Major and explain, even if in the confusion of battle he could understand. To slink off was alike most hazardous; the excited soldiery would at once suspect cowardice and soon make an end of me.

Looking round, I noticed with satisfaction that the men seemed to understand their work thoroughly. At present it consisted merely in exchanging shots with a skirmishing party of the enemy, who, I was delighted to observe, were in retreat, having evidently just been repulsed.

The battle seemed to roll far to the right, and we were on the extreme left, so as time went on we soon had little to do.

Not a mile away, a little to our left, stood Sophia's home, nestling sweetly amid its orange and olive groves. The extreme of the Turkish right wing seemed to be within about half a mile of it, though as yet I could discern no soldiers near the house.

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Suddenly an inspiration seized me. Why not rescue her with this company that had fallen to my command?

I called the wizened, grizzly looking Sergeant who was standing near, and told him I was one of the English volunteer officers serving with the Greeks, and therefore slightly unfamiliar with the words of command, and that I should leave the issuing of orders to him.

"There are some prisoners in that house," I said, pointing to it, "whom we have to rescue. Now is our time. There do not seem to be many of the enemy about there. Advance in open order."

In a few moments "my" company was hurrying across the intervening country in grand style.

"I think they are signalling your instant return, sir," said the Sergeant, saluting.

"Can't help that, Sergeant. Obey my orders for the present;" and I uncased the revolver at my belt in a threatening manner.

Ere long an aide-de-camp came galloping up to where I was.

"The Colonel wants to know what you are about, sir, and commands your retreat at once."

"Tell the Colonel to mind his own business; if he wants to know what I am doing he shall see directly," I replied hotly, for a sudden movement of the Turks toward Sophia's house increased my fears for her safety and roused me to a state of fierce excitement.

She had evidently noticed our coming, for suddenly from the centre of the flat-roofed house the Greek flag unfurled itself in the breeze.

At that sight my men could not restrain a cheer, and in my heart I blessed the courageous girl.

The Turks saw, and came rushing to intercept my men.

"Forward, lads!" I cried, springing in front, as with drawn sword I led them in my frenzy against the opposing Turks. I felt the bullets whistling past, but heeded not. Next moment we were close at hand, and I had the vision of a big, burly fellow aiming a blow at me. Instinctively I raised my sword to parry, but in vain. Down I went with a crash to the ground under that stunning blow, and my eyes were blind with blood as I staggered to my feet again.

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"Bravo, sir!" cried the Sergeant at my heel, as he stopped for a moment to examine my wound. "Only the cheek slit, sir."

Our charge had swept the Turks back, and in a few seconds I was once more in the house which I had left the previous night.

"Oh, Captain," cried Sophia, not recognizing my bandaged, blood-stained face, "for mercy's sake! save a young Englishman whom the Turks are about to shoot! Oh, do!"

"You love him?" I asked in a mumbled voice; and as a faint crimson blush warmed the deathly pale cheeks, she exclaimed:

"Yes, with all my soul and——"

But she got no further, for, to her dismay, I caught her to my breast.

It took me some moments to convince her that the grimy, martial figure who held her in his arms was "her Jack," but soon it was all explained.

I dispatched some men to rescue what turned out to be my Greek assailant of the previous night.

Meanwhile the Greek General signalled to remain where we were until reinforcements came, as our sudden dash had turned the flank of the enemy and saved Greece a disastrous day.

I need hardly say that ere the sun set I returned my sword to its lawful owner, and, loaded with the thanks of all, carried my promised bride far away from the sound and smoke of battle.—Chambers's Journal.

The Earrings of the Countess

A STORY OF THE SECOND EMPIRE

IT WAS in the palmiest days of the Second Empire. It was an evening in midwinter. The Paris season was at its height, and a brilliant audience had assembled at the Theatre Français to witness the performance of Jules Sandeau's delightful play, Mademoiselle de la Seiglière.

The Empress was present, graceful and beautiful; the Emperor at her side, wrapped in his favorite air of gloomy abstraction, which, like Lord Burleigh's celebrated nod, was supposed to mean so much, yet which, viewed by the impartial light of subsequent veracious history, seems to have signified so little. Several officers in glittering uniforms were in attendance, sparkling with decorations showered upon them by a grateful sovereign; and among these gallant warriors, conspicuous by reason of his attire, was a solitary, humble, black-coated civilian, in ordinary evening dress, with the inevitable speck of red at his buttonhole.

In a box, immediately opposite that occupied by their Imperial Majesties, was a young and exceedingly handsome Russian lady, Countess Ivanoff, concerning whose manifold fascinations the great world of Paris elected to interest itself considerably.

The beauty and wit of this fair northern enchantress were the theme of every masculine tongue, and her magnificent diamonds the envy of all feminine beholders. The Countess was accompanied by her husband, a man of distinguished appearance.

The curtain fell after the first act. The Emperor and Empress withdrew during the intermission. Many humbler mortals followed their example; among them Count Ivanoff, apparently in nowise disturbed by the fact that the "gilded youth" in the stalls were bringing a small battery of opera-glasses to bear upon the dazzling charms of his beautiful wife. The Countess leaned back in her luxurious chair, fanning herself, serenely indifferent to the interest she was exciting. In the dim light of her curtain-shaded box, the glitter of her splendid diamonds seemed to form a sort of luminous halo round her graceful head; a myriad starry brilliants gleamed among the masses of her gold-brown hair, and two priceless stones flashed and twinkled in her little shell-tinted ears.

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The Count had been gone but a few minutes when there was a gentle knock at the door, and, in answer to the Countess' "Enter," the usher appeared, and said deferentially:

"Pardon, Mme. la Comtesse; a gentleman charged with a message from Her Majesty the Empress waits in the corridor, and desires to know if madame will have the goodness to receive him."

"Certainly! Enter, I beg of you, monsieur," replied the Countess, as she recognized the distinguished-looking civilian she had already noticed in close proximity to the Emperor in the Imperial box.

The visitor advanced a few steps, and, still standing in deep shadow, said with grave dignity:

"I trust my intrusion may be pardoned. I am desired by Her Majesty to ask a favor of Mme. la Comtesse, and, at the same time, to beg that she will have the goodness to excuse a somewhat unusual request."

"The obligation will be mine if I can fulfill even the least of Her Majesty's wishes," replied the Countess.

"The case is this," explained the gentleman. "An argument has arisen concerning the size of the diamonds in your earrings and those of the Countess Woronzoff. The Empress begs that you will intrust one of your pendants to her care for a few moments, as the only satisfactory method of disposing of the vexed question. I will myself return it the instant Her Majesty gives it back into my keeping."

"With the greatest pleasure," agreed the Countess, detaching the precious jewel forthwith, and depositing it, without misgiving, in the outstretched palm of the Imperial messenger. The Countess bestowed a smile and gracious bow of dismissal upon Her Majesty's distinguished ambassador.

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Shortly afterward Count Ivanoff returned. "I have been talking to Dumont," he remarked, as he seated himself. "Clever fellow, Dumont. I am not surprised at the Emperor's partiality for him; he must find him useful when he is in want of an idea."

"Who is Dumont?" inquired the Countess, with languid interest.

"That is rather a difficult question," replied the Count, smiling; "there are several editions of his biography—all different, probably none of them true. Look, he has just entered the Emperor's box—the man in the black coat."

"Is that M. Dumont?" exclaimed the Countess; "if so, he has been here while you were away. He came, on the part of the Empress, and carried off one of my earrings which Her Majesty wished to compare with one of the Countess Woronzoff's."

"Dumont! Impossible! I was talking to him the whole time I was absent."

"Nevertheless, dear, he has been here, and has taken my earring. See! it is gone."

"Effectively," agreed the Count, with a grim smile; "but Dumont has not taken it. It is to the last degree unlikely that the Empress would make such a request. Depend upon it, you have been the victim of a thief made up as Dumont."

"Impossible!" cried the Countess in her turn. "The affair is absolutely as I tell you. It was the veritable M. Dumont who came into this box and took away my diamond. Only wait a little, and he will bring it back intact."

"To wait a little is to lessen the chance of its recovery. I will go and inquire of Dumont, if I can get at him, whether he has been seized with a sudden attack of kleptomania; because the idea of the Empress having sent him roaming about the theatre borrowing a lady's jewels I regard as preposterous. Ah, these Parisian thieves!"

With this the Count departed, and the second act was nearly at an end before he returned. In the meantime the Countess perceived that she was an object of interest to the occupants of the Imperial box.

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"I was right," whispered the Count, reentering and bending over his wife's chair, "Dumont knows nothing of your earring, and, needless to say, the Empress never sent him upon such an errand. I have put the matter into the hands of the police, and they will do all that is possible to recover it."

The Countess was duly commiserated by sympathizing friends, but nothing more was heard of the jewel until the following day.

Early in the afternoon the Countess was about to start for her daily drive in the Bois. The frozen snow lay deep upon the ground, and her sleigh, with its two jet-black Russian horses jingling their bells merrily in the frosty air, stood waiting in the courtyard while the Countess donned her furs.

A servant entering announced that an officer of the police in plain clothes asked permission to speak with Mme. la Comtesse concerning the lost diamond.

"Certainly," said madame graciously; "let the officer be shown into the boudoir."

Into the boudoir presently came the Countess, stately, beautiful, fur-clad, buttoning her little gloves. Near the door stood a short, wiry-looking man, with keen, black eyes, closely cropped hair, and compact, erect, military figure. The small man bowed profoundly while he said, with the utmost respect, at the same time laying a letter upon the table:

"I am sent by order of the chief of police to inform Mme. la Comtesse that the stolen diamond has been satisfactorily traced, but there is, unfortunately, some little difficulty connected with its identification. I am charged, therefore, to beg that Mme. la Comtesse will have the goodness to intrust the fellow-earring to the police, for a short period, in order that it may be compared with the one found in the possession of the suspected thief. Madame will find that the letter I bring corroborates my statement."

•

The Countess glanced hastily through the letter, and, ringing the bell, desired that her maid might be told to bring the remaining earring immediately; this was done, and the dapper little man, bowing deferentially, departed with the precious duplicate.

The Countess descended to her sleigh and drove to the club to call for her husband. Crossing the Place de la Concorde, she related to him the latest incident.

"You never were induced to give up the other!" cried Count Ivanoff incredulously.

"But I tell you, dear, an officer of the police came himself to fetch it, bringing a letter from his superiors vouching for the truth of his statement."

"If the prefect himself had come, I don't think I should have been cajoled into letting him have it after last night's experience," laughed her husband. "However, for the second time, we will inquire."

The coachman turned and drove, as directed, to the Bureau of Police, at which the Count had lodged his complaint the night before. After a somewhat protracted delay, the Count rejoined his wife with a semi-grim look of amusement on his handsome face.

"The police know nothing of your detective or his epistolary efforts," he said, drawing the fur rug up to his chin as the impatient horses sped away over the frozen snow; "your second earring has been netted by another member of the light-fingered fraternity, and, upon my honor, I think he was the more accomplished artist of the two!"

And from that unlucky day to this the Countess Ivanoff's diamond earrings knew her pretty ears no more.—The Argonaut.

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* * *

Trust the Man at the Helm

IN THE presence of our great National calamity, and in the fierce light of the Maine's terrible explosion, the dignity, the courage and the serene self-possession of our Chief Magistrate stands forth in bold relief.

There is a steady hand at the helm of State, and a clear brain behind it, says a contemporary. Kind of nature and generous of heart, the President possesses a dauntless courage and a patriotic purpose which only a crisis like the present adequately discloses. No man in lofty station ever had a higher sense of his responsibility. Only in feature can McKinley be compared with Napoleon. The Corsican's head grew giddy from his elevation to power; McKinley's has grown more serene and more majestically poised the higher he has risen. No man ever lived nearer to the people than he, and his calm self-possession, his sagacity, his comprehensive and clear perception are but the reflex of the aggregate wisdom of the multitude, which forms slowly, but is seldom in error.

*

Passion has not swayed him, nor has importunity swerved him from the straight path he laid out for himself. That path was the independence of Cuba, with our peace maintained and our honor unimpaired. He has known, better than any Cabinet Minister, every incident, every motive, in the development of the Spanish situation. The hollowness of Spain's pretenses which was disclosed by the De Lôme letter was no surprise to President McKinley. He was fully prepared for just such a disclosure, and, while ignoring the scurrility of the Spaniard's personal attack, he promptly defended the dignity of the Presidential office by demanding his recall. Not only so, but by his firm, yet tactful and diplomatic insistence, he has elicited from Spain a disclaimer and disavowal of De Lôme's expressed sentiments which is full, frank, ample and satisfactory.

In this last great horror the President is simply setting to the people the example of a suspension of judgment until the facts are fully ascertained. We may safely leave the matter in his hands. His policy remains unchanged. He will not be dragooned into war. That dread alternative will be resorted to only in the last dire necessity of vindicating the nation's honor, when an ignoble peace would be worse than war. Should that "last ransom" be forced upon us, the people need only remember that William McKinley has smelled powder.

We believe that the honor and welfare of the Nation are safe in his hands. We believe that there will be no interruption in the peaceful ardor of the Government. Wisdom, firmness, courage, tact and self-command will evolve an honorable and abiding peace out of the present difficulties.

When the fleeting passions of the hour shall have been allayed; when the clamor of ranting fools and crazy newspapers shall have ceased; when the comity of nations shall be peacefully restored and Cuba shall be free, there will be heard a still small voice: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

* * *

Japan in the Field

WHILE it is probable that no definite alliance has been made between Japan and England in relation to the policy to be pursued respecting China, the interests of the two countries, in this matter, are so nearly identical that there will be no difficulty at all in arranging for concerted action if at any time such a proceeding is found necessary, says the Boston Herald.

What the Japanese desire is to have the trade of China freed from the restrictions which Government tradition has imposed. In the treaty made with China, after the close of the late war, Japan insisted upon the opening of certain ports and the repeal of a number of ancient obstructions. It asked this change not on its own account alone, but for the trade of the world. The ground assumed was that, if opportunities for trade and manufacture in China were thus accorded, the Japanese were abundantly capable of holding their own in the competition with other nations.

This is precisely the policy which England has laid down, and it is, moreover, the policy which we in this country would wish to have adopted in the settlement of all Chinese problems. What Russia desires is to control, either actually or potentially, a great section of the Chinese Empire and compel the people to buy their wares from Russian merchants. The Russians realize that if a free field were given to all competitors, our own merchants and the English dealers would quickly drive them out of the market, and that their only hope is in having adopted and enforced some policy of favoritism which will grant to them privileges that are not accorded to others.

Whatever the Japanese view of the situation may be, its Government is well aware that European nations will not tolerate any plan of exclusion adopted and enforced by Japan; hence, as they cannot make these claims for themselves they do not propose, if they can prevent it, to have such claims made and enforced by others. What may be said to be the American contention in China of a fair field and no favor is now championed by England, and presumably by Japan—nations which have a sufficient naval and military force to make it difficult, if not impossible, for France, Russia and Germany, even if their interests on the land and sea could all be combined, to make headway in the East against them.

* * *

Personal Power in Preaching

ONE who takes the pains to run over a list of the men in the English-speaking world whose words upon religious matters command attention, will probably be convinced that, almost without exception, they are those who are bringing to their age a personal message, born of their own experience and insight, as to spiritual realities. It is not true that our time is peculiarly insensible and hardened to the things of the higher life. Whenever a genuine man arises who speaks from the centre of his personality, testifying to what he has seen and experienced, and not merely echoing what he has read and others have told him, audiences gather to hear him preach and his books are scattered over the world. It does not make any difference whether the man is Spurgeon, or Moody, or Phillips Brooks, or Professor Drummond. Once let people become convinced that here is an honest soul, who has had a vision of the unseen, and men want to hear him.

There can be no greater mistake than to suppose that because a man preaches the truth and men turn away from him they have lost their love for spiritual things. A parrot may be taught to preach the truth, but such utterances would probably not make much impression on the hearers. A minister may be precisely orthodox, and yet no one may be won by his message. Something more than the truth is necessary, and that something is the speaker's inner vision and experience of the truth which makes a sermon a message and the preacher a prophet.

*

We shall not be misunderstood when we say that one of the most serious obstacles to the power of the ministry is too great deference to systematic theology. In saying that we are not joining in the foolish disparagement of theology, but we are affirming that a man who at every step seeks to square his utterances with any human philosophy of truth, instead of looking into his own heart, and the Word of God, and the experience of life, will not be able to speak to men with power. What men are hungry for is reality, "the bottom facts," as one man roughly phrased it, and no minister who substitutes a creed or system for his personal vision and experience of the truth can give men "bottom facts."

Certain superficial speakers and writers are catching up and repeating the notion that there is such a repugnance in the modern mind to the recognition of the supernatural that a minister who preaches it and emphasizes it must lack hearers. The facts are all the other way. Take the city of Boston, in which, more than in any other town in America, Arianism in its modern form of Unitarianism has had prodigious social, intellectual and financial advantages. Are the thronged churches those that belong to that sect? It is singular that this very town should be the centre of the strength of Spiritualism and Christian Science.

The truth is that a man who preaches a supernatural religion on the strength of the Book of Jonah may gain the applause of some religionists, but he will not speak to the convictions of the average man. But the preacher who takes his stand upon the supernatural resurrection of Christ, and finds, as Paul did, an evidence of the fact in his own supernatural death to sin and resurrection to righteousness, may make the fullest and largest recognition of the supernatural and carry men with him. It makes a vast difference whether you posit a great truth like that on the authenticity of a document or upon an experience of the inner life.

This line of thought comes back to the truth that the great need of the modern church is for prophets, for men who have seen God, and felt the pressure of the eternal realities, and beheld life interpreted by Christ. In no spirit of censoriousness, it is our conviction that, more than anything else that can be described in language, the ministers need that open vision of the eternal which shall enable them to speak with personal witness to the truth.—The Watchman.

How Wars are Begun

INTERNATIONAL HOSTILITIES BEGUN WITHOUT WARNING

WARS generally begin unexpectedly and without warning. Investigation by Colonel Maurice, of the British War Office, shows that during a period of one hundred and seventy years only one case, says the Chicago Chronicle, can be found in which the attacking nation lodged formal warning before commencing hostilities. That nation was France in 1870. Of the causes of secrecy in one hundred and seventy wars which the Colonel has looked into, in forty-one of them the object was to gain time by suddenness of attack; in twelve the desire was to postpone as long as possible the actual admission of a state of hostility, or to throw on the other Power the responsibility; in nine cases sudden attack was made to anticipate designs of another Power, respecting which secret information had been received; sixteen were raids, reprisals, pressure and other things not wholly war; four were violations of neutral frontiers during the progress of war, and in five the nation slipped into war by giving help to another State.

Away back in history, when folks took things more leisurely than nowadays, it was always announced by heralds, and ample time was given for preparation. As the centuries rolled on, however, the enemy did not receive so much consideration, though neutral Powers were duly informed. For a long time now the custom has been to conceal the intention until the commencement of actual hostilities discloses it. And it is tolerably certain that the next war will open with far less warning than usually precedes a thunderstorm. There are many good reasons for this. Swiftness of communication, destructiveness of modern artillery, ease of mobilization, the telegraph and the great advantage of striking the first blow have entirely altered the aspect of warfare.

*

The United States in 1812 declared war against Great Britain by an act of Congress on June 18, but it had actually begun hostilities the previous April by laying an embargo on all ships in American ports. It was not until July 25 that the British learned what the state of affairs was, and then not by an intimation from Uncle Sam, but by means of dispatches sent by the schooner Mackerel from Halifax.

The United States war with Mexico, likewise, was not the subject of a formal declaration till May 13, although hostilities had been in progress since March 4, 1846.

Many persons will be able to recall the reading of the British declaration of war against Russia from the steps of the Royal Exchange in London. That was a "declaration of war," no doubt, but it came long after war had actually broken out, and it was not made at St. Petersburg, but in London.

The events preceding it were briefly these: To begin with, Russia had the dispute with Turkey about the "holy places" in Palestine, and seized the Danubian Principalities. May 31, 1853, Russia issued the orders to cross the River Pruth; June 2 the English and French Admirals were ordered to Besika Bay as a countermove; then some English and French warships were sent to Constantinople; October 22 the English and French fleets, in spite of the treaty of 1841, entered the Dardanelles; October 23 Turkey declared war against Russia; next Russia destroyed the Turkish fleet at Sinope; then January 4, 1854, the English and French fleets entered the Black Sea and ordered the Russian ships to retire to Sebastopol; the Russian Ambassador was next withdrawn from London; after that the French and English Ambassadors left St. Petersburg, and it was not until March 28 that the Sergeant-at-arms mounted the Royal Exchange steps and formally declared war. France, by the way, did it a day sooner. Of course, this declaration was—what declarations always are—a notice not to the enemy, but to the people, justifying the progressing war and asking their approval and help.

*

Some years before this England made war on a very small scale as abruptly as the flash of a meteor. Some time in 1850 thirteen British war vessels sailed into the Bay of Salamis. No doubt the British had been pressing Greece to pay certain money due, but so ignorant was that country of the intentions of the Salamis fleet that the King and Queen asked for a list of officers in order to invite them to an entertainment, and the Admiral actually paid a friendly visit. But next day he disclosed the fact that he had come to enforce the immediate settlement of Britain's claim, and gave the Greek Government twenty-four hours in which to comply. After that he proceeded to hostilities, laid an embargo on the Greek merchant vessels in the port, and seized many others on the high seas. Greece, of course, did not fight, but it was a much closer thing for France, for that country recalled her ambassador from London and the French were eager to give battle.

On another occasion, in 1804, Great Britain was hotly fighting France and negotiating with Spain in the most friendly manner. In fact, British vessels were being provisioned in the latter country's ports when, without a word of warning, they captured four of her frigates, seized all the merchant vessels of more than one hundred tons burden and sank all smaller craft that came in their way.

Another instance in which the British swooped down like a wolf was in 1807, when, in the words of a Danish writer, "the Government of Denmark saw the English ships-of-war on their coast without even the conjecture that they were to be employed against Denmark. The Island of Zealand was surrounded, the capital threatened and the Danish territory violated, before the Court of London had made use of a single word to express the hostility of its feelings."

In reality England entertained no hostile feelings toward Denmark, and the reason of this sudden move was that memorable meeting of Napoleon and Alexander on the River Niemen, when they agreed to divide the world between them, and, as a preliminary, to compel Denmark, in company with Sweden and Portugal, to declare war against England. In self-protection England hastened to upset their scheme by her plan of seizing the powerful Danish fleet.

*

On the continent the same kind of rule has been followed. In 1859, for instance, France declared war against Austria by saying she took Austria's entry into Sardinian territory as an act of hostility, but the French troops were set in motion ten days before the Austrians committed this act. In 1866, again, we have Prince Frederick Charles saying to his Prussian troops: "Austria, without declaring war, has violated the Silesian frontier. I might, likewise, without declaration, have crossed into Bohemia. But I have not done so. To-day, I have sent a public declaration and to-day we enter the territory of the enemy." This was practically carrying out Baron Brunnow's advice: "The blow must be struck before it is announced."

Every one remembers how the Greeks began war a couple of years ago, and how they have not yet declared it. The Franco-German war figures among the few completely declared wars, but its outset was unexpected. Lord Granville said, in the House of Lords, on July 11, 1870, "I had the honor of receiving the seals of the foreign office last Wednesday. On the previous day the experienced under secretary told me he had never, during his long experience, known so great a lull in foreign affairs. At six o'clock that evening I received a telegram informing me of the choice by Spain of Prince Leopold." This was little short of a declaration of war by Prussia. However this may be construed, on July 19 France threw down the glove.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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Possibilities of the Present

THERE is no illusion so insidious and persistent as that which introduces into the future some element of luck; which stores up for us in the future something which we have not secured for ourselves, says the Outlook. We are always dreaming of having more time in the future and of doing things with a strong hand in consequence; next year we shall have hours, and then we will read the new books, learn the language we need to possess, accomplish the larger tasks of which we dream. But the hours never come, and the achievements are made, if they are made at all, in these odds and ends of time that come to us by the way.

The wise man is he who knows the value of to-day: he who can estimate to-day rightly may leave the future to take care of itself. For the value of the future depends entirely upon the value attached to to-day; there is no magic in the years to come; nothing can bloom in those fairer fields save that which is sown to-day. The great aim of Christianity is not to teach men the glory of the life to come, but the sacredness of the life that now is; not to make men imagine the beauty of Heaven, but to make them realize the divinity of earth; not to unveil the splendor of the Almighty, enthroned among angels, but to reveal Deity in the Man of Nazareth.

He has mastered the secret of life who has learned the value of the present moment, and who recognizes the possibilities of sainthood in his neighbors. To make the most and the best out of to-day is to command the highest resources of the future. For there is no future outside of us. And the Heaven of the future, and the hell also, are in the germ in every human soul; and no man is appointed to one or the other, for each appoints himself. To value to-day, to honor this life, to glorify humanity, is to prepare for eternity, to seek the eternal life, and to worship God. The harvest of the future is but the golden ripening of to-day's sowing.

Young Men and Marriage

By the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D.

Dean of Canterbury

THE world in general laughed heartily at Mr. Punch's "advice to those who are about to marry," which, on turning the page, was found to consist of the one word "Don't." As a universal rule, the advice would be very bad advice. The causes which led to the neglect and avoidance of marriage, in the decadence alike of Greece and of Rome, were the vilest and most degrading causes possible. They were deeply seated vice and degrading selfishness. In Greece they culminated, rapidly, in the collapse of all nobleness and power—"the fading of all glory into darkness, and of all strength into dust." The Greek—the hero of Marathon and Salamis, the patriot of Thermopylæ, who deemed it sufficient epitaph:

> "Go, tell the Spartans, thou who passest by,
> That here, obedient to their laws, we lie"—

soon dwindled by luxury and sensualism into the *Graeculus esuriens* of whom Juvenal drew so contemptuous and indignant a picture. The Roman, whose iron arms and dauntless courage had subdued the world, sank into the corrupt and effeminate dandy who cared only for his own degraded comfort, until Rome "saw her glories star by star expire," and she—

> "whom mightiest kingdoms curtsied to,
> Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
> Did shameful execution on herself."

Even in the days of Augustus, and increasingly under the later Emperors, the State felt it necessary to interfere with vicious self-indulgence, in the instinct of National self-preservation. Laws were passed conferring distinctions and privileges on those who had three children born in honorable wedlock, and a selfish celibacy was branded with reprobation. Long before those days, in the dramas of Plautus and Terrence, the conclusion always turns on the young man's marriage; and the fathers never feel themselves secure until that event has been happily arranged. The encouragement of marriage, and its felt sacredness, have been the chief element in the vitality of the Jews; and the books, both sacred and secular, of that most religious of the ancient nations, abound in eulogies upon the blessedness of marriage, until, in the days of the Talmudists, it became a fixed disgrace for a Jew not to have married by the age of twenty-one.

"A Jew who has no wife," says the Talmud, "is not a man; for it is said, 'Male and female created He them.'" And again:

> "From the age of twenty, if a man lives in celibacy, he lives in constant transgression. Up to that age the Holy One (blessed be He!) waits for him to enter into the state of matrimony, and curses his bones if he does not marry then."

I do not suppose that Lord Tennyson had ever read this passage from the Mishna, yet he says much the same:

> "'Alone,' I said, 'from earlier than I know,
> Immersed in rich foreshadowings of the world,
> I loved the woman; he that doth not lives
> A drowning life, besotted in sweet self,
> Or pines in sad experience worse than death,
> Or keeps his winged affections clipt with crime."

It is not, however, my object to dwell on the many dangers and disadvantages of a purely selfish or vicious celibacy. I am addressing those who mean, God willing, to enter on the married state, and who, even now, find in a true and pure love an antidote against temptation, and a bond of moral faithfulness to their future wives—a bond founded not only upon chivalry, but upon the loftiest and most abiding religious motives.

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Are there, then, none who are about to marry, who, nevertheless, would do well to bear in mind the imperious monosyllabic dissuasion, Don't? Yes, there are some, and it is important that on them this advice should be impressed:

1. If, for instance, a young man knows that he has incapacitated himself, by the retributive consequences of past transgressions, for a pure and healthy marriage, then, if he has indeed repented of unlawful deeds, he is bound to remember that he has forfeited the right to a hallowed union, and that it would be, on his part, a consummate baseness to entail on an innocent wife, and on innocent children yet unborn, the fearful Nemesis which is to him the brand of God upon forbidden indulgences. If, again, though he have himself been perfectly innocent, he knows that in his family there is the confirmed and hereditary taint of scrofula, of malformation, of idiocy, or of consumption, then he should feel that, by the voice of inevitable circumstances, God calls to him for a great self-renunciation. Let him not moan that the call is too hard upon him. God never withholds his immense compensations from those who, for His sake, give up father or mother, or wife or children. In proportion to the greatness of the self-sacrifice shall they receive the hundred-fold reward. I knew one who had thus voluntarily given up. He was a saint of God, and if ever there was a man to whose sad heart the sweet companionship of a loving woman would have brought a boundless consolation for life's many troubles, it was he. But his father and his uncle had died by their own hands, and there had been other warning calamities in his family. He feared that the taint of madness might, in due time, reveal itself in him also; though for long years of manhood nothing could have been more holy and useful than his life and more sound than his intelligence. So he made his resolve that he would never marry; that it was better for society that his race should end with him. His surmise proved true. Had he married, the end might have been some terrible tragedy. He died peaceful and happy, in an asylum which sheltered and secured him from the development of homicidal mania.

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2. There is another hindrance to the lawfulness of marriage which ought never to be overlooked; it is hopeless poverty, or entire uncertainty of any continuous means of earning a livelihood. To marry, like brute beasts which have no understanding, as is sometimes done by mere boys and girls in the slums, within half a crown of destitution, or with no more secure promise of maintenance than a chance job of a week or two, is mere revolting selfishness and animal degradation. These are the marriages which blight society with the prolific birth of a feeble, stunted, half-starved, vicious and semi-idiotic offspring, to be the curse of a future generation. If a man has no sufficient means to maintain a wife and family, his marriage does but kick against the ordinance of his destiny! His selfishness will not only inevitably doom himself to grinding care and crushing anxiety, but he will drag down his wife and children into the pitiless abyss of hunger and misery. Be he clergyman or layman, the man who has no sufficient means on which to marry commits a crime against society if he marries on the chance of something "turning up." To such persons nothing ever does "turn up." They are like the old lady who felt sure that it was going to rain, but said "that she would trust to Providence to send her an umbrella."

3. But if in a man's own person or circumstances there be no such divinely appointed hindrance, he is none the less bound to be careful in his choice of the partner of his life. The young man who chooses his bride from a family in which there is much consumption, or other fatal heredity, prepares for himself, hereafter, the misery of bereavement and the certainty of many blighted hopes. If a young man have any calmness of judgment, he will consider the extreme desirability that the mother of his children should be one whose health, strength and intelligence will leave them the lifelong legacy of a sound mind in a sound body. And, here, let no one say that these are cold-blooded calculations, which are swept away as with a flood by "falling in love." To fall in love wildly, inconsiderately, imprudently, hastily, with no control of sense, reason or conscience, is to follow a blind and impetuous instinct, and to behave otherwise than duty requires in the most solemn event of life. The marriage of the maid who became engaged to a stranger when she went into the garden to cut a cabbage, is scarcely likely to be a happy one. A young man may be suddenly taken by a pretty face, but if that be the sole qualification in his future wife, he may find too soon that "favor is deceitful, and beauty vain; but a prudent wife is from the Lord."

4. I should advise a young man to think twice before he marries an untidy girl. I have been a guest in houses where everything was revolting from this cause, and where one scarcely ventured to open a drawer, in the guest chamber, for fear of what one might find in it. Certainly, in respect to a man's home, "cleanliness is next to godliness," and untidyness means squalor and waste. Few old friends will care to visit a man who has a slatternly wife, and children whose faces in consequence are not kept sweet and clean. A young lady once asked her lover to direct a letter for her. He did it so hastily that the direction was blotted and illegible. She blushed as he handed it back to her, and from that moment her affection for him began visibly to cool. The engagement never came off; and as he recounted the circumstance, he magnanimously observed that "she had been more than half right."

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5. And, most assuredly, the young man who finally chooses his bride without having good reason to be sure that her temper is, as a rule, sweet and equable, is taking a rash step, and one which he may rue through many a bitter year.

> "Look you, the gray mare
> Is ill to live with, when her whinny shrills
> From tile to scullery, and her small goodman
> Shrinks in his arm-chair, while the fires of hell
> Mix with his hearth."

This, at least, is the recorded experience of three thousand years. "It is better," says the wise King, "to dwell in the corner of the housetop, than with a brawling woman in a wide house"; and "the contentions of a wife are a continuous dropping." Petruccio was profoundly wise in taming his Shrew before he became her victim. Nor is there any real necessity for making a wrong choice by mistake. A young man is supremely foolish if he marries a girl about whom he knows little or nothing. The face may be some index, but it may unconsciously lead to very mistaken conclusions. If, however, a young man has made many opportunities of being in the society of his intended bride, before he takes the irrevocable step of binding himself to her in a bond which cannot be dissolved, then he must be more than usually obtuse if, by her bearing to her father and mother, to her brothers and sisters, to her companions, to the old and to the young, he is not very well able to gauge her character.

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And if though she may show herself in the best light to him individually, she reveals a strong undercurrent of selfishness in her character, I should advise him to pause in time. I once knew an eminent person, who was in character a man of singular geniality and buoyancy of spirits, but who, for what reason I never could make out, married a hard, harsh, angular, unattractive wife. What the lady may have been to him I do not know, but certain it is that whereas before his marriage he had been surrounded by troops of friends, yet after his marriage hardly one of them, much as they continued to love and honor him, ever entered his house. His wife—whether from parsimony, or religion turned sour, or inherent "cussedness"—turned the cold shoulder on them, and if they called once they were never encouraged to call again. A wife without sympathy may cost a man the loss of all his friends.

6. If there be one *phylloxera vastatrix* of wedded happiness more fatal in its ravages than another—if there be one intruder into this vineyard which, more surely than any other, will cause its root to be as rottenness, and its blossoms to go up as dust—it is intemperance. I recall many a harrowing example of this curse and corruption—this heavy blow and sad discouragement—in wedded lives, which it has been my fate to witness. No more certain, no more absolute collapse of happiness can be even conceived. I recall one, of whose wife persons soon began to ask how her strange demeanor could be accounted for; why she was so often heavy, and stupid, and odd in her behavior; why at others she showed a sort of spurious hilarity? And the answer could not be long in coming—she was by position a lady, but she drank.

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I recall the young man, exceptionally prosperous in his position, with all life stretching before him in apparent brightness, married to a shallow, showy, arrogant, domineering woman, with her dress, and her extravagance, and her fashionableness of sham religion, and who, unable to control this domestic scourge, took to drinking his bottle of port wine every day at dinner. He sank lower and lower into debt, lost his clients, failed to pay the bills of his wine merchant, went all downhill into shabbiness and disgrace, and so ruined himself and bequeathed ruin to his children after him.

I recall another case—a fine, stalwart man—who came to ask me as to what he should do, since his wife, in his necessary absence at work, pawned for drink the very clothes and boots of his boys, so that it was impossible for them to go to school. To every young man, of the poorer and lower middle classes especially, I should say, "If you are a total abstainer, and if your future wife is a total abstainer from intoxicating drink, there is, at any rate, one sunken reef, which has caused many a horrible shipwreck, from the peril of which the ship of your life will be kept free."—The Independent.

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George Meredith at Work.—It is forty years ago since George Meredith's first book was published, but it is only within the last ten or twelve that his name has become known to a really wide public. Meredith is a tall, gray-haired man, a brilliant conversationalist, and a perfect linguist. He does all his work in a little hut which he erected some years ago at the top of his garden; but, he is not one of those authors who bore their visitors with accounts of their writings or plots, and it is rarely, indeed, that he can be persuaded to say a word to his friends about his past or future stories.

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William Dean Howells' Father.—The father of the novelist emigrated to Ohio half a century and more ago, and then used this formula to get rid of an intrusive visitor, who had worn out his welcome. He would be called out on some business and would say to the guest:

"I suppose you will not be here when I return, so I wish you good-by!"

This was not bad, except in comparison with the superb stratagem ascribed to Gerrit Smith in such emergencies—as that he used to say in his family prayer after breakfast:

"May the Lord bless Brother Jones, who leaves us on the ten o'clock train this morning." "Brother Jones" always left.

Is Patriotism Declining?

THE AMERICAN LOVE OF COUNTRY

"MRS. SIDDONS," said Brougham, in reply to Talleyrand's question if Fox had not been *très occupé* with her, "was too great to inspire affection; the East India Company might, perhaps, have dared to love her—nothing short of that." Of a truth the magnitude of an object, says the New York Evening Post, does affect the sentiments with which we regard it. Lovers dilate on the greatness of their love, but all tongues are full of the diminutives which they apply to its objects, and his suit would doubtless prosper ill who should address his beloved with the superlatives of dimension.

If patriotism be defined as the love borne to a country by its inhabitants, it would thus seem reasonable to recognize the existence of some relation between extension on the one hand and intention on the other. There have been people who professed to love all men equally, but, granting their sincerity, we may question the heartiness of their attachment to millions and thousands of millions of their fellow-creatures whom they have never seen, and who would, perhaps, decline to reciprocate their amiable sentiments if the existence of such sentiments were disclosed to them. Love is no doubt an immaterial essence, but it must be susceptible of some kind of quantitative estimate, and the most large-hearted philanthropist can hardly maintain that he loves a million beings severally with the same intensity with which another man loves a dozen. It is an impossibility.

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If we take a look into history we find that the small States can make altogether the best case as regards the patriotism of their citizens. The Jews were plainly better patriots than the Egyptians or the Assyrians; the Greeks than the Persians. Lacedæmon was a very small State, but its soldiers have an exalted name for patriotism, and the Athenians were a notoriously patriotic people. There was more patriotism under the early Roman Republic than under the later one, and under the Republic than under the Empire. The Chinese Empire is, perhaps, the greatest in population in the world, but it does not look as if the ordinary Chinaman was affected with patriotism in a very intense form. How much patriotism is there in the "vast and squalid Empire" of Russia, compared with that in France, or England, or even Ireland? Is there any nation of its size so dangerous to attack as the Swiss?

There is, perhaps, a dim metaphysical notion that patriotism consists in the love of one's country rather than its inhabitants. Such is probably the idea of newspaper writers and statesmen who profess to be inflamed with patriotism while they are busily denouncing their fellow-citizens as scoundrels. The sincerity of their feeling is best known to themselves, but if they have any affection for their countrymen it must be confined to those who agree with them. He who sets himself up as a patriot must yield his own tastes and preferences, and comprehend all his countrymen in the broad expanse of his affection. The Almighty, we are told, hates sin, but loves sinners; but no mortal can be allowed to pose as a patriot by proclaiming that he loves his country, but hates all his countrymen, or all that do not agree with his views. He must save his hatred for foreigners, and make his love cover all his fellow-citizens without distinction. For, if a patriot denounces large classes of his countrymen, they may denounce him, and how can "the dear People" distinguish the genuine from the spurious article among these men?

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Since we Americans now number seventy millions it can hardly be denied that our patriotism is in danger of becoming too diluted. It requires some effort to arouse the patriotic glow over a horde of Italians, Russians, Jews, Bohemians, Poles, Greeks, and Armenians just landed on our shores, but we must open our hearts to them, for they are just as much Americans as the rest of us so soon as they are naturalized. Length of stay counts for nothing.

If they can embrace us with patriotic emotion, we surely ought to fall on the necks of more recent immigrants; and if we do not love the negroes and Indians, and the Populists of the South and West, how can we expect the recent importations to develop true Americanism? Such requirements, however, may pass beyond the powers of ordinary people, and even stretch those of newspaper and congressional patriots to a painful degree. Before enlarging our borders and taking in a considerable number of people of heterogeneous race, it would be prudent to allow our stock of patriotism to catch up with the demands upon it. When excessive strains are put on love, it is sometimes converted into aversion, and it cannot be denied that a country may become populated with individuals largely of an unlovable description. It is encouraging to find that the vociferous patriots are not having it all their own way in Congress, and that one leader, whose gifts of wit and good sense have made his lack of political foresight a regret to his country, should openly say: "I don't want Cuba and Hawaii. I've got more country now than I can love."

In the Wonderland of America

THE GARDEN-SPOT OF THE WORLD

By the Rev. P. E. Kipp

THE Wonderland of America is in the West, not in the East. Nature has built her Louvre, where she has gathered most of her masterpieces, in Eastern Arizona and Western New Mexico. She has put some of her show pieces of art in other parts of the country, but only one in a place. She has worked with Titanic hand in making Niagara; she has put a beautiful picture in the mountain frame of the Yosemite; she has carved some noble statuary in the Yellowstone Park; but these are isolated, like a single great picture in some widely separated parlors; but her gallery, Nature has built in these two mentioned Territories. The Grand Cañon of the Colorado, the Painted Desert, great and almost numberless ruins of the prehistoric races, the Petrified Forest, mighty rivers of stone, nineteen pueblo buildings—that is, great communal houses, some of them of more than half a thousand rooms, where have dwelt a whole tribe—all these gathered within a small district, each of them unique and the greatest of their kind, make this part of our country its wonderland.

Here was the beginning of the modern history of America, not along the Atlantic coast; New Mexico was discovered a century before Plymouth Rock; the city of Santa Fé was founded two years before Jamestown, Va. Here was a civilization immeasurably advanced beyond that found in the East, where the aborigines lived in wigwams of bark or in tepees of hides, and depended upon the chase for a precarious living. Here the aborigines were an agricultural people; they lived in houses built of stone, that was laid in mortar, and the interior plastered smoothly—houses from four to seven stories in height; they had extensive systems of irrigation, as elaborate as any of to-day, one of which supplied an area of sixteen hundred square miles, and the length of its canals was one hundred and twenty miles.

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If you seek sublimity, originality, ancient history, marvelous beauty—"go West, young man, go West." The Grand Cañon of the Colorado is a chasm two hundred and seventeen miles long, from thirteen to nineteen miles wide, and more than a mile and a quarter deep, or six thousand six hundred and forty-nine feet. As you stand on the rim and look down on its depths filled with stupendous creations, you are dumb, actually crushed by its sublimity. The whole chasm is filled with mountain statuary carved by the river that seems to dream so innocently five miles away, down there below you. Here is a vast cathedral, a natural Westminster Abbey, pedestaled on a base which only Almighty God could have conceived and executed; yonder is a whole city with walls, bastions, turrets and steeples, with a mountain under its feet; to the left another creation surmounted by an immense crown, its sloping sides ribbed and furrowed with chasms that have been the work of millenniums, and the feet of that Alpine statue losing themselves in the darkness of the lower labyrinths; to the right a mighty butte pushing boldly into the awful depth until it dared to go no farther; it suddenly stopped, rose on end like a frightened horse, shrinking back from its own temerity.

As you sit on the rim, your feet hanging over a precipice that drops straight down a thousand feet before it begins to slant away (but what is a thousand feet in the midst of such colossal depths?) and look over into the abyss, out of which rise these heights and sink these depths, you are silent; words are out of place. Words were not made to express grandeur, sublimity, awe, terror like this. It almost seems as though the Creator had summoned you to a place at His side while He was in the act of creation; here is His foundry in which He cast the Andes, the Himalayas, and these creations are some of the blocks that were left over. It is only seventy-five miles from Flagstaff on the Santa Fé Railroad back to the Creator's workshop where, with supreme satisfaction, He left off working on the seventh creative day.

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On the way back to Flagstaff you will ascend one of the extinct volcanoes that crowd about to get a look at the Painted Desert, where some Titanic Turner has laid on masses of color with a lavish hand on that natural canvas—deep red, bright yellow, seared brown, black, white, purple, blue in great patches, hundreds of acres in extent, as far, indeed, as the eye can look in that direction. The same intense coloring is here laid on laterally as was spread over the Grand Cañon in horizontal bands, which make the camera so helpless to give any proper view of either. That burnt-out volcano, from which you obtained that view of the Painted Desert, has been a place of refuge for the peoples that lived long ago, for here they hid in the caves from the Apache, the Bedouin of the desert, and from other warlike tribes, until it was safe again for them to return to their farms in the valley. Great clinkers, like those thrown out from an iron foundry, but multiplied as many times as Nature's foundry is bigger than man's, had fallen over each other and left caverns, which these peoples had faced with walls, and had there lived in what are called cave-dwellings.

Nine miles from Flagstaff in another direction lies beautiful Walnut Cañon, perhaps eight hundred or a thousand feet wide at the bottom, with very steep, retreating sides. Half way up these sides, in one of the parallel strata, are rows of caverns which seem to have been made by the action of water, where the softer rock has been washed out; these, too, had been turned into dwellings by facing up the front with walls up to the overhanging roof of rock, and in these cliff homes that distant race had also sought shelter. The slopes of the sides of the cañon are so steep that it is impossible to climb up from below, and approach is accessible only along a narrow ledge in front of these cliff-dwellings, where two men could keep back an entire army.

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The face of these houses are of square stone laid in mortar; stone partitions divide off the caverns into rooms of perhaps eight-by-ten feet; the interior is smoothly plastered by hand, for the prehistoric people had no tools of metal, but were still in the stone age. Smoke still discolors the stone in one corner; all about are great quantities of pottery, for these tribes always destroyed their jars that were too numerous and inconvenient to carry; we found corn cobs that had been dried into vegetable mummies, for nothing decays in that dry atmosphere. In Walnut Cañon it is estimated there are from four to six hundred cliff-dwellings, but throughout these two Territories they are numbered by the thousand. Some one has said that this is a great country, but it has no ruins; he who said it was ignorant of his own country, for here are more ruins, numerically, than cover Europe, and some of them, like Casa Grande, near Florence, Arizona, and the Cliff Palace in the Mancos Valley, New Mexico, would compare favorably with the most remarkable of the storied ruins of the Rhine.

Most romantic theories have been advanced as to the origin of the cliff and cave dwellers; some have tried to trace their origin to the Aztecs or to the Toltecs, and have thought that they have disappeared from the earth without descent. But now that romance has sobered down to scientific study it is clearly proven that they were not related to either of those mentioned above, and that they have no more disappeared than have other nations who have died, for their direct descendants are the Pueblos, who still live as did their ancestors. Both were agricultural; they built the same kind of communal houses, had the same pottery, grew the same crops, had the same system of irrigation, the same habits, inhabited the same country, used the same weapons and instruments; were the same people.

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Still nearer to Flagstaff, not more than four hours' ride by rail, Nature has placed another of her masterpieces, unique and entirely unlike any other in the world. Major Powell, who has given years to its exploration, says that a hundred Niagaras would be lost to sight in the Grand Cañon; so other specimens of petrified wood count for nothing compared to the two thousand acres of Chalcedony Park, over which are strewn whole trees, great logs and sections of logs, all of which have been turned into jasper, onyx, agate, chalcedony. The bark is perfect and seems to be that of pine; the concentric rings are as clearly marked as in the natural state; one tree spans a ravine, making a natural bridge of jasper one hundred and ten feet long and four feet in diameter at the base; other sections measure from six feet across down to limbs of a few inches, and in places so thickly strewn that you cannot step without walking over most beautiful and precious stones. The logs have broken transversely and not split along the grain, but look as though sawed before they had been petrified; of most brilliant hues and of all colors; one feels on going away as a miser would feel when having to leave bags of gold; you want to take it all with you.

The most convenient place from which to leave the train is at milestone 233, and accommodation can be had at the only ranch house in sight, where live a cattle herder and his wife; the drive from here is only six miles to the forest. Address Adam Hanna, Adamana, Arizona, where mine humble host and his good Maggie will do the best they can for their guests; but their best will be far from as good as Saratoga's worst; but then all will be offered with a kind heart, and a willing hand. But do not forget to ask Adam to drive you also to the Picturyd Rocks, where hands that have crumbled to dust centuries ago have picked out on the soft rock, rather than carved, what look like hieroglyphs, just as legible to us as are those on Cleopatra's Needle; our Indian guide afterward told us that the country about was full of such pictured rocks, supposed by some to have been treaties or descriptions of boundaries.

Take the train again; for seven miles you will ride along a river of stone that is from one to twelve miles wide and fifty-seven miles long. In the long-distant past, the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and instead of water there flowed forth molten lava. The stream must have continued to run for many weeks and months, perhaps years, before the sluggish flow, which grew more sluggish the farther it advanced and finally became too stiff to flow at all, could have run so far, and then left its blackened current dry. It is not necessary to alight, for we can see its parched, hard contents well enough from the car window, while we hasten on to Laguna, New Mexico. Here is one of the pueblo or communal buildings at the depot, but the most interesting one, so travelers told me, is Acoma, twenty-five miles in the interior.

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There is only one spring-wagon in Laguna, and that had been engaged by the Indian agent, so that the fifty-mile ride to Acoma and return we shall have to make in a heavy lumber wagon without springs. But the visit is worth a hundred times any such inconveniences, and one should not undertake such a trip unless he expects to rough it and enjoy the roughness. It is a beautiful little valley, this of Acoma, hidden away from the world; we dare not guess how large, for in the intensely clear, dry air distance is most deceptive; it may be ten miles in length, it may be twenty. Along the high ridges which bound it, the cliffs are as usual carved into all sorts of shapes; on yonder peak is a stone locomotive with smokestack, headlight, sand-box and tender. Could the Turks actually have been here and built that immense, domed mosque on the peak beyond? Off to the extreme corner of the valley, the sides are detaching themselves from the cliffs as we advance, and there stands out an immense schoolhouse, and beyond it some government building, a great courthouse, where some giant race has perhaps sent the children to school, and where the lawyers fought their legal battles, and which they then sealed up in solid stone. And right before us looms up an immense monolith; it rises higher and higher as we near it, but for some ten miles we have been thinking we were near it; its walls rise straight and plumb to a height of six hundred feet; its ground dimensions are perhaps one thousand by six thousand feet; around is the level valley out from which this rises like some vast monument.

Tradition says that in the past centuries a pueblo just like that at Acoma which we are going to see was built upon this rock, too. One day while the men were all down in the valley attending to their herds and crops, some convulsion of Nature tore from the rock its only means of exit, and the women had to perish up there, and no man knoweth the place of their burial unto this day. But here is Acoma; it, too, is built on a rock three hundred and fifty feet high that rises by perpendicular walls out from the plain; on its top are seventy acres, level and smooth, where the pueblo is built, and a great church to which the Indians were inspired by the Spanish padres; and beside it a cemetery. Every stone with which to build those three houses, each beam in that great church, every basketful of earth for that cemetery had to be carried up those heights on the backs of the patient toilers; it required forty years before the burying-ground was finished. Formerly there was only one difficult path that led to the top; but since the winds have piled the fine sand of the desert in like so much snow, up which one can toil with difficulty, his shoes sink into the drifts over their tops at every step, no matter how careful he may be.

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When the Spaniards discovered Acoma, three hundred and fifty years ago, it was already ancient; for how many centuries its inhabitants had lived on those inaccessible heights, labored, loved and died, no man knoweth. There are three communal houses, in which the whole tribe, or perhaps twelve hundred, have been housed. No doors are on the lower story, up to whose roof access is to be had by means of a ladder, which was drawn up in times of danger. The second story retires so that the roof of the first becomes a broad, uncovered porch, and ascent from it to the third story is also by ladders from the outside. At Taos, another pueblo, the building rises in this way to six and seven stories. So that from the front the pueblo looks like an immense terrace, neatly whitewashed without and within, the windows filled with sheets of gypsum, and the rear wall plain and perpendicular. The roofs are alive with women and children to see the intruders upon their quiet and silence. When the camera is brought to bear they all scud away and hide, with only the end of a shawl, by which all their heads are covered, peeping out from behind the corners. Put up the suspicious-looking instrument and the children will then slip from around the wall, and offer stone hammers, axes, arrow heads, beads, etc., for "two bits." The pottery is very pretty, mostly ollas—that is, water jars—which all the maidens and women skillfully balance on their heads. We go to the edge of the rock to look off; away and away stretch the valley and the mountains beyond. Far down beneath our feet two women have gone to a pool to fetch water. Taking their ollas down from their heads, they dip calabashes into the water, strain through their aprons into the jars, fill their pails, and then replace the brimming ollas on their heads; with a pail in each hand they walk off and climb the uncertain steps worn into the rock as easily as a butcher boy would carry his basket on his arm in one of our Eastern cities.

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But the pueblo is being deserted; it is too inconvenient to toil up the difficult ascent after a day's work down on the farm, or herding their cattle, so that these Indians are building their homes out over their grant, and soon the nineteen pueblos which still remain throughout the country will be left as ruins.

These are not reservations, but are Spanish grants made over to their owners, and these grants have been confirmed by our Government. These Pueblos are citizens of the United States, and have never cost us a dollar, like the red men of the East; they have been agriculturists from time immemorial, and never take the war-path. They are the direct descendants of the peoples that inhabited the cliff and cave dwellings, when the more warlike tribes made it impossible for these peaceful tribes to remain on their farms. Dams and irrigating canals and ditches are still used; indeed, they were the teachers of their white conquerors as to how to conduct successful farming by irrigation.

If the statement with which this paper opened is received with incredulity in the East, where so little is known of our country, I challenge with "Come and see." At less expense than for a trip to Europe one can learn more, see greater wonders, visit more unique places and peoples, than in any of the worn-out paths of travel in other lands. If a Walter Scott, or an Irving, or a Nathaniel Hawthorne, or Cooper, had known our own great wonderful West, the crowds of travelers would long ago have turned westward, instead of eastward, for men are much like sheep—they all rush wherever their leaders go. America has not yet become so celebrated in story as Europe, but she is more so in reality, if you know where to go. See her marvels and beauties—see them for yourself—before guide-books have made them stale.—The Christian Intelligencer.

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America's Oldest Mansion

THE VAN RENSSELAER MANSION

ON THE east bank of the Hudson River, not half a mile below Albany, stands a remarkable house whose fame should preserve it from destruction, says Leslie's Weekly. A bronze tablet affixed to the front wall declares it to have been erected in 1642, and that it is the oldest dwelling in the United States in a state of preservation. This tablet was placed there by a committee at the time of the bi-centennial celebration of Albany as a chartered city in 1886, and is considered trustworthy information.

The house was the homestead of the Van Rensselaer family, and for over two and a half centuries has been known as the Crailo Manor House. The house is a two-story-and-attic brick structure, and until within a decade was in an excellent state of preservation. It is of most substantial construction, and the walls are of great thickness. The beams of hewn pine are of unusual size, many measuring sixteen inches square.

During the life of the house practically the entire history of the United States has been made. Perhaps the most interesting features about the outside of the house are the two remaining, of the nine original, stone loop-holes through which the Dutchmen, of that day, protruded their firearms when repelling an attack from Indians and other hostile parties. While the Dutchmen of the settlement were generally on friendly terms with the Mohawks—the tribe inhabiting that section—the settlers often had to endure raids from the nomadic Mohegans or River Indians, and it was their stone-headed arrows which left their marks in many places about the building's exterior.

Since 1893 the manor house has been the property of the estate of the late Jane van Schaick, who lived in Albany that year, soon after she had acquired title through mortgage foreclosure. The lack of a tenant resulted in negligence of the premises, and village vandals gained entrance by removing the boards from the windows, and they not only injured the fireplaces, but made way with the stairs and whatever they could move. The New York Chapter of the Society of the Colonial Dames tried, by means of a fair, to secure funds with which to purchase the house, but the attempt was unsuccessful, and thus the matter rested. On August 4 the house was sold in partition suit. The purchaser was John Circhenacher, and the price paid was $4300.

What Shall Be the Baby's Name?

WHAT shall be the B
Shall we call from
[illegible] re-echoed word of praise
[illegible] full of love or days
[illegible] upon her brow
Crowns that other bi[illegible] have worn?

Shall we take some dearer word
Once wit[illegible] on our eyelids heard
Ch[illegible] shed wet, though spoke
Sh[illegible] we lay distend
On the Baby's little head
So to call again our dead?

Soul-words [illegible]
That be as the
Something full of
To be spoken
Something s[illegible]
That shall [illegible] child, our Pet!"

Nay, the history of the great
Must not weigh our Baby's fe
Nay, the dear ones disembl[illegible] like
Must not be by us recalled,
We shall meet them[illegible]
Let us keep their [illegible] s to them!

Nay, we do not seek a word
For a station or a
Not to set the baby ways,
[illegible] days
Fit for uses grave and good
Wrapped in future womanhood,

For the mother's loving tongue
While our daugh[illegible]
For the manly lips that now
Call the maiden heart awa
For the time, yet tenderer
When her children thron[illegible] her

Let us choose a little name
One that always befits the same
Sacred sweet in ever[illegible]
All men's reverence to command
In our earthly uses given,
And yet musical in Heaven

One I know, those names amalg
"Beauty" is as meaningful
She who wore it made it good
With her gra[illegible]
Name for virtue, love and truth
Let us call the Baby's Ruth

—The Lovers' Year Book (Roberts)

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Paris an Impregnable City

THE action of the French Parliament in deciding to tear down some of the forts fortifications near Paris, and sell for ordinary uses the land now occupied by these defensive works must not, says the Boston Herald, be taken as an indication that, in the opinion of the French people, we are soon to enter upon an era of peace. The fortifications, the demolition of which is contemplated by the order passed, are those which are quite close to Paris, and which played a prominent part in the defense of the city at the time it was besieged by the German army twenty-seven years ago. But the French have been taught wisdom by past experience, and as a result have planned, and a few years ago finished a system of fortifications around Paris which are probably unequaled, for the purposes for which they are intended, by any similar fortifications in the world.

A well informed military writer, a member of the general staff of the German army, has given it as his opinion that a successful [illegible] of Paris would be, under present conditions, an impossible undertaking. The new fortifications that surround the French capital are some fifteen or twenty miles from the city, and are connected with Paris, and with each other, by a railway system which would enable the French commander to quickly mass at one point a very large body of men, while the General of the besieging army, if he wished to prevent the city from [illegible] supplies and thus shut in the people and the army that was defending it, would have to occupy a line extending over one hundred miles, and hence could not, by any possibility, collect a large number of his force at any one point to resist, with even a shadow of hope, an attack of the enemy.

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It required a German army of, approximately, 500,000 men to lay siege to Paris from September 19, 1870, to January, 1871, but the authority we refer to is of the opinion that to repeat the same operation a German besieging army would have to number more than 2,000,000 men, and the work of maintaining such a force, and properly handling its parts, would be something which few governments would care to undertake, and few military commanders would be able to efficiently perform.

Besides, these great outlying fortifications would give to the people of Paris, if their city was again besieged, an opportunity to obtain many of the smaller supplies of life from the suburban district since, as the system of fortifications is now built, it would be as though the line of defense for Boston took a circuit which extended from Marshfield through Brockton, Walpole, Framingham, Concord, Andover, and reached the water again at Gloucester. If the tide of war was kept thus far back from our city, it is easy to see that we should not suffer as intensely as if it were carried on almost within our municipal limits. The French have spent upon these new fortifications an amount variously estimated at from $30,000,000 to $50,000,000, and hence can well afford to sell the land occupied by some of the now obsolete fortifications of a generation ago.

Longfellow as I Knew Him

MRS. FIELDS' REMINISCENCES OF THE POET

By Prof. Howard B. Gross

WE SHALL not soon weary of one who has something new to tell us about the authors whose works are a part of our intellectual life, whose words have touched us to finer issues and nobler aspirations. Especially do we like to get near glimpses of our literary great ones and see them on the ordinary level face to face. Mrs. Annie T. Fields, in her new book, Authors and Friends, published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company, has written much that we want to read. Probably no publisher ever had more ideal relations with authors than had James T. Fields, who was friend, adviser and critic as well as publisher. His home was open to the men of genius and they loved to frequent it; and his wife was as well fitted as himself to preside at the social board where gen[illegible] as sat. What table talk was there! What free, delightful intercourse! It is good of Mrs. Fields to open her note book and through her eyes let us see behind the scenes a little way.

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Devoting a chapter each to a great quintet—Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Whittier and Mrs. Stowe—she first writes of Longfellow, who was "first of all a seer of beauty in common things and a singer to the universal heart." His power of acquiring language, she says, was most unusual. This enabled him to entertain foreigners who sought his society. He said one evening, late in life, that he could not help being struck with the little trouble it was to him to recall any language he had ever studied even though he had not spoken it for years. He had found himself talking Spanish, for instance, with considerable ease, though he could not recall having even read anything in Spanish for many years, and it was certainly thirty since he had given it any study. It was the same with German. Longfellow was by nature a student. He and Hawthorne were classmates in Bowdoin. A private note book contains a bit of reminiscence from Hawthorne, who said no two young men could have been more unlike. Longfellow, he explained, was a tremendous student and always carefully dressed, while he himself was extremely careless of his appearance and no student at all, and entirely incapable at that time of appreciating Longfellow. Their friendship ripened with the years, and among the later unpublished letters Mrs. Fields found a note from Longfellow in which he said he had a sad letter from Hawthorne and adds: "I wish we could have a little dinner for him of two old authors and two jolly publishers—nobody else!" We should like to know if the dinner came off.

One of the earliest pictures I find of the every day life of Longfellow when a youth says Mrs. Fields, is in an anecdote told by him in humorous illustration of the [illegible] young authors. I quote from a brief diary:

Longfellow amused us to-day by talking of his youth, and especially with a description of the first poem he ever wrote, called The Battle of Lovell's Pond. It was printed in [illegible]land newspaper one morning, and that evening he was invited to the house of the Chief Justice to meet his son, a rising poet just returned from Harvard. The lodger rose in a stately manner during the evening and said to his son: 'Did you see a poem in to-day's paper upon The Battle of Lovell's Pond'? 'No, sir,' said the boy, 'I did not.' 'Well, sir,' responded his father, 'it was a very stiff production. G[illegible], get your own poem on the same subject and I will read it to the company.' The poem was read aloud, while the perpetrator of the 'stiff production' sat, as he said, very still in a corner." Longfellow was said to be very like his mother. She was a lover of Nature, romantic, and her disposition was always cheerful, with a gentle and tranquil fortitude. This describes him as well. At sixteen he wrote to his father: "I wish I could be in Washington during the winter. It would be more pleasant to get a peep at Southern people and draw a breath of Southern air than to be always freezing in the North, but I have very resolutely concluded to enjoy myself heartily wherever I am. I find it most profitable to form such plans as are least liable to failure."

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From his earliest days Longfellow dedicated himself to letters. When eighteen he wrote to his mother from college: "With all my usual delinquency I should have answered your letter before this, had I not received, on Monday, Chatterton's Works, for which I had some time since sent to Boston. It is an elegant work in three large octavo volumes, and since Monday noon I have read the greater part of two of them, besides attending two lectures a day of an hour each and three recitations of the same length, together with my study hours for preparation." This was the first handsome book he owned, and was earned by the work of his pen. His father suggested a profession, but Longfellow wrote to a friend: "Somehow, and yet I hardly know why, I am unwilling to study a profession. I cannot make a lawyer of any consequence because I have not a talent for argument, I am not good enough for a minister, and as to physic, I utterly and absolutely detest it." To his father he wrote his desire to spend a year at Cambridge to read history and become familiar with polite literature. "The fact is, and I will not disguise it in the least, for I think I ought not, I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature; my whole soul burns most ardently for it, and every earthly thought centres in it. . . . I am almost confident in believing that, if I can ever rise in this world, it must be by the exercise of my talent in the wide field of literature. Whatever I do study ought to be engaged in with my whole soul, for I will be eminent in something." He got his year in Cambridge as a test, though his father had not much faith in the financial product of literature. Writing to thank his father for this concession he says: "The fact is I have a most voracious appetite for knowledge. To its acquisition I will sacrifice everything."

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It was Madam Bowdoin who unwittingly rescued Longfellow from the fate of being a most lawful lawyer. She left a thousand dollars toward establishing a chair of modern languages at the college that was not much older than Longfellow, and a trustee, who had been struck by the translation of an ode from Horace made by Longfellow for the senior examination, warmly proposed his name for the professorship. "I said it was Madam Bowdoin, but, of course, Longfellow did his own part of the rest one when he wrote that ode; though he thought as little what would come of it as she did in her generous giving. Now the Board proposed that the young man go abroad to fit himself, and so he was to realize another cherished wish. From that moment his career was simply a [illegible] Longfellow took up his [illegible] lom at twenty-four he married a lovely young lady of Portland; and his happiness was complete. The monetary returns for his literary work at this period were inconceivably small. He amused his friends, in later years, by confessing that Mr. Buckingham paid him by one year's subscription to the New England Magazine for his translation of the Coplas de Manrique and several prose articles. After this he sent his poems to Messrs. Allen and Ticknor, who presented him the volume in which they appeared and sundry other books as compensation. What a contrast this to his subsequent literary history. Half a century later his works had been translated into a score of languages, and his publisher could say: "There is no disputing the fact that Longfellow is more popular than any other living poet, that his books are more widely circulated, command greater attention, and bring more copyright money than those of any other author, not excepting Tennyson, now writing English verse."

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After four years at Bowdoin a vacancy occurred at Harvard, and he was at once offered the place at fifteen hundred a year. Thus he became a citizen of Cambridge where the Longfellow House is as much an object of interest to sightseers as is the famous Washington Elm. It was in returning from a third visit to Europe in 1842 that Longfellow did a remarkable piece of work. "Not out of my berth," he wrote, "more than twelve hours the first twelve days. There cabined, cribbed, confined, I wrote seven poems on slavery. I meditated upon them in the stormy, sleepless nights, and wrote them down with a pencil in the morning. There I lay on my back and soothed [illegible]." It would be a great [illegible] other poets could have an [illegible] ness with as much result. Those poems threw his influence against slavery at a time when every name counted. Finally established in Craigie House, after his second marriage (his first wife having died abroad in 1835), he was overburdened by responsibilities, and wrote to Charles Sumner: "What you quote about the *père de famille* is pretty true. It is a difficult rôle to play, particularly when, as in my case, it is united with that of *oncle d' intrigue* and general superintendent of all the dilapidated and tumble down foreigners who pass this way."

Although naturally of a buoyant disposition and fond of pleasure, Longfellow lived as far as possible from the public eye, especially during the last twenty years of his life. He disliked grand occasions where he was a prominent figure. The strange incidents of a life subject to the taskmaster Popularity are endless. One day he wrote: "A stranger called here and asked if Shakespeare lived in this neighborhood. I told him I knew no such person. Do you?" Day by day he was besieged by every possible form of interruption, but his patience and kindness were surprising. In a note he alludes humorously to the autograph nuisance. "Do you know how to apply properly for autographs? Here is a formula I have just received on a postal card:

Dear Sir,—As I am getting a collection of the [illegible]aphs of all eminent and worthy men and [illegible]ions to be such I hope you will forfeit by [illegible] Yours, etc.

When a refusal was necessary it was wonderful to see how gently it was expressed. A young person having written from the Western city requesting him to write a poem for her class, he said, "I could not write it, but tried to say 'No' so softly that she would think it better than 'Yes'." He was much pestered by having poems sent to him for candid judgment and opinion. He said of them, "What shall I do? These poems weaken me very much. It is like so much water added to the Spirit of Poetry." And again, "I received this morning a poem with the usual request to give 'my real opinion' of it. In his letter the author says, 'I did so much better on poetry than I thought I could as a beginner, that I really have felt a little proud of my poems.' He also sends me his photograph at 'sixty-five years of age,' and asks for mine and a poem in return. I had much rather send him these than my real opinion, which I shall never make known to any man, except on compulsion and under the seal of secrecy."

His kindness and love of humor carried him through many a tedious interruption, even in so gross a case as where, at Nahant, a man, a perfect stranger, drove up with a 'bus full of ladies, and brought them all into the poet's house and introduced them [illegible] they stayed an hour. Once Longfellow drew out of his pocket a queer request for an autograph, saying the writer loved poetry in almost any style, and would he please copy his Break, Break, Break for the writer? Of all the tributes he received abroad, including a special invitation from the Queen to visit Windsor, he told Mr. Fields that none touched him deeper than the words of an English hod carrier who came up to the carriage door at Harrow and asked permission to take the hand of the man who had written Voices of the Night.

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Longfellow was not given to epigrams, but occasionally indulged his wit at the dinner table, as in this example:

"What is autol ographs?
It is what a biographs ought to be."

Usually quiet at times he was brilliant and full of *jeux d' esprit*. When he talked freely, says Mrs. Fields, it was difficult to remember that he was not really a talker. His notes were delightful, and his compliments to the ladies as graceful as those of a poet should be. He never neglected the small courtesies that sweeten life. But only those who penetrated his reserve knew his humor and largeness of heart. Dearer his old friends grew to him as the years passed, and "the goddess Nostalgia," as he called his malady, kept him chiefly at home. He wrote to Mr. Fields: "I am sorry to hear [illegible] not quite yourself. I sympathize [illegible] somebody else. It is the two Ws, Work and Weather, that are playing the mischief with us. You must not open a book, you must not even look at an inkstand. These are both contraband articles, upon which we have to pay heavy duties. We cannot smuggle them in. Nature's custom house officers are too much [illegible]alert." This was at the beginning of [illegible]ten sunset for one who possessed in unusual measure what Jean Paul Richter [illegible]s Heavenly unfathomableness which makes man godlike, and love toward him infinite." He has not passed away, for he left the best and truest part of himself in his poems. In them alone he breathed out his heart, and through them he speaks still to the world's heart.—The Watchman.

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President McCosh's Prayer.—President McCosh, of Princeton, was accustomed to lead the morning exercises in the chapel every day, and during the exercises he gave out notices to the students. One morning, after he had read the notices, a student came up with a notice that Professor Karge's French class would be at nine o'clock that day instead of half-past nine, as usual. Dr. McCosh said it was too late, but the student insisted that Professor Karge would be much disappointed if the notice were not read.

The exercises went on, and the doctor forgot all about the notice. He started to make the final prayer. He prayed for the President of the United States, the members of the Cabinet, the Senators and the Representatives, the Governor of New Jersey, the Mayor, and other officials of Princeton, and then came to the professors and instructors in the college.

Then Professor Karge's notice came into his mind, and the assembled students were astonished to hear the venerable President say: "And, Lord, bless Professor Karge, whose French class will be held this morning at nine o'clock instead of half-past nine, as usual."—Argonaut.

The Minstrels of the Marshes

By Carl Smith

THEY'RE serenading me to night, their voices clear and strong
Rose through the summer atmosphere in joyous bursts of song
The sun has set an hour or more, but bright against the sky
Flash meteors of mellow light as glow worms wander by,
And through the reeds down by the marsh they flicker to and fro,
And light my merry minstrels with their magic lamps aglow

This evening when the sun went down I saw a meadow lark
Creep down into her grassy nest before the coming dark,
The long, gaunt shadows of the trees stretched far beyond my sight
And found one last belated quail who whistled for Bob White
The shadows grew and broadened, and spread out o'er every land,
Until all were united and the night had reached the land

And then they tuned their fiddles and they gathered their trombones
And took once more the cornets with the soft and searching tones,
And a hoarse and foggy basso which first seemed to start beyond
The deepest depths of deepness, shook the waters of the pond,
And with a joyous ecstasy that tided all for sleep
The basso roared his "bull frum," and the tenor piped "knee deep"

The cricket on the doorpost fiddled, fiddled for his life,
The chirping, shrieking tree toad played selections on his fife,
The countless vagrant insects madly joined them in the race
And buzzed a soothing second to the big frog's sobbing bass,
And a night bird passing over cried a sudden interlude,
And the players played their maddest in a wondrous merry mood

The cricket plays the same old tune as when, a boyish guest,
I listened to his playing when his touch was at its best,
The tree toad plays as years ago I used to hear him play
The basso croaks his lower notes in just the same old way—
And that is why I listen when the evening shadows creep
Down there among the lilies where the tenor pipes "knee deep!"

Bismarck at Close Range

THE GRAND OLD MAN OF GERMANY

By Frank Vaigh

ONE of the most interesting figures on the stage of life is Prince Bismarck, though he has retired long since from the turmoil and troubles of statesmanship. His eighty years of life are as remarkable for their activities and ambitions as for their accomplishments and their failures, and entitle him to the title of the Grand Old Man of Germany.

If he lives a year longer he will have seen half a century of public life, his entry upon the scene occurring when he was elected a member of the Prussian House of Commons as an extreme loyalist—in fact, he is perhaps the best type of the Teutonic Jingo, outside of his Imperial master, that the nineteenth century has seen. Five years after his election to Parliament his diplomatic career commenced, when he was appointed Chief Secretary of the Prussian Legation. In 1862 he was recalled from Paris to take the post of Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, a position which he held for the unusually long period of twenty-eight years, and until his retirement to Friedrichsruhe. He left Berlin, as he grimly said, with all the honors of a first-class funeral, although he has resurrected himself not infrequently.

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Bismarck's castle home, now that he has retired from public life, has become a shrine that attracts many a pilgrim. All sorts and conditions of Germans travel there in large numbers to assure their old Iron Chancellor of their devotion, and to hear a few words from his lips. Not long ago the pupils of a high school visited Friedrichsruhe. There is always a striking sentence or two in his speeches, and on this occasion he said: "It is a great blessing which we owe to God that our whole German nation is now more firmly leagued together than for a long time past. It is not good to belong to a small nation in Europe, and it is an advantage for which all we Germans shall continue to thank God all our lives that we are members of a great, strong and distinguished nation of fifty millions. When I was between twenty and thirty I wished to see events. Now, too, we are living in a time full of unrest, but it is possible that the rivers will again flow calmly down hill, though the present time is unquiet. I do not know whether it is a happiness to see so many events as I have seen. I do not wish you to have such an experience. We will hope that science, commerce and labor will flourish, for the shedding of blood is a thankless business. I beg you not to forget your visit here when you are old."

In the early days of his parliamentary debating he had a demoniac fury when a discussion became heated. On such an occasion he would exhibit a crushing hatred and contempt of opposition which rendered him terrible to the Reichstag. A German writer has aptly said: "Bismarck devoured his opponents before they spoke. Caprivi lets them speak first and devours them afterward."

A recent visitor to Friedrichsruhe pictures Bismarck seated at a small table. His long pipe is handed to him by one of his valets—a wonderful pipe, with a china bowl decorated with his coat of arms. As the conversation progresses the pipe burns low and finally goes out. Never had he seen the process of smoking require so much watching and assistance.

Here is another picture: The old man lying back in his large chair, again puffing at his long pipe—that historical pipe in the smoke cloud of which the Germany of to-day first took shape—his face animated, strong and ever changing, the two dogs now stretched in front at full length, with their big heads crossed over their master's feet. "This one was a gift to me from the young Emperor," said Bismarck, pointing to the larger of the two.

His domestic life is said to have been and to continue to be a most happy one, though until the age of thirty-two, when he married, he had some reputation for the sowing of wild oats. He has a family of three children—two sons, Herbert and "Bills," and his daughter Marie, the wife of Count Rantzau—and his palatial home is the centre of a charming hospitality. He dearly loves his home relations and is an admirable companion at his table with his chosen guests. But a great grief has befallen him recently in the death of his wife, whom he ardently loved.

Bismarck would not qualify as a member of a Prohibition club; on the contrary, he holds strong views as to the [illegible] alcohol in forming character. "You English," he once said, "make a great mistake in giving all your drink to the common people" (do they?). "The Southern folk are born with a bottle of champagne inside them. We Northerners have to put it in, and the moment we cease putting it in we shall knock under to the Southerners. Drinking, I am afraid, is going more and more out of fashion," is his lament. "May we never fare like the English, since they only drink tea and water." At this point he poured out some old wine, drank it off as a punctuation mark in his talk, and continued, "We Northern nations require a good drink. Hungarians and Spaniards come into the world half drunk, but a German in order to become aware of his power, must pour half a bottle of good wine, or still better than that, a whole bottle down his throat."

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Like a typical German that he is, Bismarck is as fond of a good dinner as he is of his schnapps or his pipe. This is evidenced by one of his daily menus, which included for luncheon cold brawn, a large meat pudding, mashed potatoes, boiled duck with cabbage, Frankfort sausages and a big fresh cheese. Not a bad luncheon for even an able bodied Teuton! Dinner was even more elaborate; soup, oysters, codfish, smoked beef, hashed peas sauerkraut, chicken, plum pudding and dessert, with champagne, hock, burgundy, and what is known as the Bismarck mixture of beer and champagne. A man who wouldn't have gout on such a diet has lost a golden opportunity.

That he is, too, in some respects a modern Lucullus, is gathered from his epicurean tastes in many directions. For instance, plovers' eggs are one of his choicest delicacies, and knowing this his seven tenants have on twenty-one successive birthdays presented their august landlord with 101 of these delicacies [illegible] they accompanied it with a decorous verse of which read:

To Prince Bismarck

We are the same, we still keep true,
Early and late we cling to you
The wheel is taken from your hand,
But not the love of this, your land.

He has many strange superstitions coupled with a devout and strong Christian faith. This reminds one of the stir created by his receiving the Order of Christ from Pope Leo XIII during the Caroline Isles arbitration, when Bismarck acknowledged the receipt of the gift by addressing the donor as Sire. The Pope at first intended giving him an inferior order, but the German Minister assured His Holiness that the Chancellor received none but the highest orders, whereupon the Pope, recognizing the desirability of not wounding the susceptibilities of the Chancellor at a moment when the Kultur Kampf negotiations were at a critical stage, presented him with an order of high rank.

Bismarck has his superstitions, the chief of which is his belief that the number three has figured prominently in his life and is therefore a potent numeral, as well as a lucky one. He predicted years ago that he would not die before 1891 and that, despite all care of his health, he would not survive 1894.

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As this sketch is not penned with a view to painting its subject in any one color, both sides of the shield are shown. For instance, it is said his greed for money has become of late years quite boundless, and with the cynical straightforwardness which always characterizes him, he makes no secret of this fact. "Ambitious I am no longer, but I am stingy" (geizig) he admits. "As long as I had nothing I was generous, but at present I know what it feels like to possess things." A Berlin correspondent of repute says, "It is a fact that Prince Bismarck has rarely done a generous action. At one time I know that his daughter persuaded him to give some help to a young artist, but that was long ago, and such instances have become rarer and rarer. On the other hand, he has brought any number of actions against poor people who owed him money, or who had used his footpaths and he was forever protesting against the rates he had to pay. How often has he not complained in the Reichstag about his low salary, and more recently in the newspapers about his tiny pension. And yet he is one of the wealthiest landed proprietors in Germany. Nothing has been so much counted against him both at Court and among the nobility, as the fact that five years ago he allowed the bankers to present him with his ancestral castle, Schonhausen, yet he has quite recently accepted another present of land near Friedrichsruhe. It is hardly credible how small so great a man can be."

Criticism, however, is said to sit lightly on him. In a recent speech he said that he had been vilified for over thirty years by the press. "I care nothing at all for these articles," he declared; "they have made my skin so callous that the printer's ink will penetrate no more!" Happy Bismarck! Unhappy and thwarted quill drivers! firing impotent shots at the veritable pachyderm.

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But there are, happily, many offsets to his weaknesses, and not the least is his bravery, which showed itself while he was a sub-Lieutenant in the Pomeranian Uhlans when he saved the life of his groom from drowning, at great risk to his own. The medal he then received was the only decoration he wore for many years.

He has been the recipient, as has been said, of many and varied gifts, some of which have come from America. One was an album made of a section of a redwood tree, containing fifty photographs of California scenery, sent by his German admirers in that State, while a coterie of New York friends gave as their testimonial a solid gold tankard and service of gold goblets, worth $7,000, contributed by 5,000 Germans.

"So much for gossip about a German—" the great grim giant" of the Fatherland, who, one day, in a spirit of fun, would turn the handle of a barrel organ for the Kaiser's children to dance by, and the next [illegible] Europe with a sentence.

His political creed is summed up in his remark on the dangers of popular government. "The firmness, indeed the fierceness of the ruling power, is a guarantee of peace, both at home and abroad."—The Interior.

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Prince Bismarck's Protégé.—The Prince has a man servant at Friedrichsruhe who was educated at Berlin at the Prince's expense, and who never knew his parents. On the 16th of September, 1870, during the war, Bismarck found a tiny baby on his bed in the French town of Meaux. A letter was fastened to it in which a mother begged the Prince to take care of the boy, Vincent, as his father had been killed in the last battle. She was too poor to educate her child, and she hoped the Prince would have pity.

Bismarck's astonishment was great, but he determined to do his best for the poor little fellow, who is now an intelligent young man, and most devoted to the Bismarck family. He does not know whether he is French or German by birth.

Wisdom of Child Life

DECISIONS OF YOUNG PHILOSOPHERS

DEBATED HONORS.—Stranger, "Who owns this store?" Office Boy: "The boss says I do, but I don't."—Detroit Free Press.

WHALE DIVIDENDS.—Johnny, what useful article do we get from the whale? Johnny: "Whalebone." "And what comes from the whale that we have no use for?" Johnny: "Jonahs."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE COMMERCIAL INSTINCT.—The Clergyman: "And why should little boys say their prayers every night?" The Good Boy: "So's the Lord can have a chance to get what they want by morning."—New York Telegram.

NOT FIGHTING ALONE.—"O Lord, do please make me as strong as lions and thing for I've got to lick a boy in the morning" was a Versailles kid's impromptu addition to "Now I lay me," etc., the other night. He won the fight.—Versailles News.

IMPRESSIONIST SCHOOL.—Little Dot: "I am improxin' in drawing." Mother: "I hope so." Little Dot: "Yes. I drew a cat on my slate, and Dick guessed it was an oyster. He knew it was something to eat, anyhow, didn't he?"—Pearson's Weekly.

THE TWO BABIES.—First Youngster: "I've got a new baby brother, come from Heaven last night." Second Youngster: "That's nothin'. My little baby brother went to Heaven yesterday." First Youngster, after a moment of deep reflection: "Pete, I bet it's the same kid."—Life.

AN AMENDED PETITION.—A little girl living down-town was saying her prayers the other evening, and had just finished "Give us this day our daily bread," when [illegible] curious four-year-old brother exclaimed: "Say tookies, Fanny; say tookies [illegible] Saltings.

EDITH'S TELEPATHY.—Tommy: "Yes, cats can see in the dark, and so can Ethel, 'cause when Mr. Wright walked into the parlor when she was sittin' all alone in the dark, I heard her say to him just when he came in: 'Why, Arthur, you didn't get shaved to day.'"—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A STUDY IN PHRASEOLOGY.—Amy Ashphaltz (crushing the next door little girl with a display of her knowledge of style): "W'en you eat your meal at night do you call it dinner or supper?" Tessie (of the alley tenement): "We calls it lucky."—Chicago Lamp.

LAID UP FOR REPAIRS.—His Mother: "What are you moping around the house for, Tommy? Why don't you go over and play with Charley Pinafore?" Tommy: "'Cause I played with Charley Pinafore yesterday, and I don't s'pose he's well enough yet."—Chicago Record.

SOLICITATION UNNECESSARY.—Teacher: "Now, Willie, suppose you were to have a playmate your last apple to take a portion [illegible]—wouldn't you tell him to take the larger piece?" Willie: "No, mum!" "You wouldn't? Why?" "Cos 'twouldn't be necessary."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SYNONYMS DIFFERENTIATED.—A teacher asked her class wherein lay the difference in meaning between the words "sufficient" and "enough." "'Sufficient,'" answered Tommy, "is when mother thinks it's time that I stopped eating pie; 'enough' is when I think it is."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

INSIDE VIEW OF MORAL SUASION.—Old Gentleman: "Do you mean to say that your teachers never thrash you?" Little Boy: "Never. We have moral suasion at our school." "What's that?" "Oh, we get kep' in, and stood up in corners, and locked out, and locked in, and made to write one word a thousand times, and scowled at, and jawed at, and that's all."—New York Sun.

HEREDITY'S OUTCROPPING.—Just before Arbor Day last year a public school teacher told the children in her charge that she would allow them to vote for a State tree, and that each child should have one vote. Being a woman and not a politician, her surprise was great when, the next morning, a bright eyed Italian lad asked, in a tone of deep interest, how much money each child would receive for his vote.—Harper's Magazine.

A BOSTON YOUTH.—"Remember, boys," said the teacher, "that in the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as fail." After a few moments a boy raised his hand. "Well, what is it, Socrates?" asked the teacher. "I was merely going to suggest," replied the youngster, "that if such is the case it would be advisable to write to the publishers of that lexicon and call their attention to the omission."—School Journal.

UNDER SURVEILLANCE.—A wide-awake little four-year-old had a pet dog, which, for some reason, he had been whipping. When he was scolded for the offense his excuse was that nobody had seen him. He was told that God saw him, that God followed him everywhere and saw everything he did. He soon afterward started out, with the dog following. When he observed the animal he aimed a kick at him, remarking: "Get out. It's bad enough to have God following me 'round all the time without having you."—Providence Journal.

Under the Evening Lamp

HALF HOURS WITH SONG AND STORY

The Gray Patrol

By Stanley Waterloo

TAUT bridle, comrade, the ride is done,—
There is no debate—the Patrol has won!
Slower we'll ride 'till we fairly brave
The gap in our way which man calls the grave;
We'll leap it gallantly, then our dole
From our life is paid to the Gray Patrol,
What some call Conscience—the Gray Patrol.

What a life were ours had we early crept
And slain him surely the while he slept!
We had stopped at nothing, you Soul and I!
We had lightly harried and galloped by;
We had but devoured, we had sought no goal,
But for this rider—the Gray Patrol!

We turned and fought him. How soon he fell!
How we left him there, as we thought it well.
As we mounted again 'twas my mood to troll
A jeering catch,
But more than a match
For Body and Soul
Was the Gray Patrol!

As the huntsman hovers who guards the hounds,
We saw him riding beside us there,
A thing uncanny, from out the air,
A force defining our metes and bounds,
Riding his stallion, a swift thing's foal—
The Gray Patrol.

We have fought or fled in the reckless ride,
Through fields of yellow, through seeping tide,
We have turned, as the Berserker turned, at bay,
We have hewed him down and have had our way;
And again he has ridden—as yesterday—
Close beside us has leaped or stole—
Close beside us—the Gray Patrol.

When days were ruddy, when days were dark,
We have left him lying, face up and stark,
We have left him, fully and fairly slain,
But ever he leaps into life again
And ever he rides at our bridle rein!
Ever he worries us, O my Soul!
Ever he rides with us, cheek by jowl,
This clinging marshal—the Gray Patrol!

Taut bridle, comrade—the race is run—
There is no debate—the Patrol has won!—Poems.

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In a Colony of Ex-Slaves

"THERE is a colony of African negroes in Texas," remarked Professor Gustav Bender to a Washington Star reporter, "of which but little has ever appeared in the newspapers, though the colony is a large one, or at least was at one time large. They were imported originally direct from Africa by a fund raised for the purpose. They were slaves, but just about the time they arrived in this country the War of the Rebellion broke out, and, of course, the slaves were free to do as they desired. A few of them may have returned, but very few. They seemed contented to remain, and organized themselves into a kind of cooperative colony in a rude way. They minded their own business very well, considering everything and the circumstances of their coming, and have managed very well since. The most of the original members of the colony have died out, but their children and grandchildren have run things since. They, until late years, kept apart remarkably from the native negroes, though they are not so separated now. They are located on what are known as the lowlands of the Brazos River, lands that, until they came, were not worth owning or paying taxes for. They preserved all of the customs of their tribe, and always have held at stated times their wild orgies and feasts, which generally wind up with a dance lasting about twenty-four hours."

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Why We are Right-Handed

PRIMITIVE man, being by nature a fighting animal, fought, for the most part at first, with his great canine teeth, his nails and his fists, till in process of time he added to those early and natural weapons the further persuasions of a club or shillalah.

He fought, as Darwin has conclusively shown, mainly for the possession of ladies of his kind, against other members of his own sex and species. If you fight you soon learn to protect the most exposed and vulnerable portion of your body. Or, if you don't, natural selection manages it for you, by killing you off as an immediate consequence.

To the boxer, wrestler, or hand-to-hand combatant, the most vulnerable portion is undoubtedly the heart. A hard blow, well delivered, on the left breast, will easily kill.

Hence, from an early period men have used the right hand to fight with and have employed the left arm chiefly to cover the heart and to parry a blow aimed at that specially vulnerable region. And when weapons of offense and defense supersede mere fists and teeth, it is the right hand that grasps the spear or sword, while the left holds over the heart, for defense, the shield or buckler.

From this simple origin, then, the whole vast difference of right and left in civilized life takes its beginning. At first the superiority of the right hand was only felt in the manner of fighting. But that alone gave it a distinct pull, and paved the way at last for the supremacy elsewhere. For when weapons came into use, the habitual employment of the right hand to grasp the spear, sword or knife, made the nerves or muscles of the right side far more obedient to the control of the will than those of the left.

The dexterity thus acquired by the right—see how the word "dexterity" implies this fact—made it more natural for the early hunter and artificer to employ the same hand in the manufacture of flint hatchets, bows and arrows, and all other manifold activities of savage life. It was the hand with which he grasped his weapon; it was therefore the hand with which he chipped it. The right hand remains especially "the hand in which you hold your knife"; and that is how your children decide the question which is which when they begin to know their right hand from their left for practical purposes.

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How a Cable Message is Received

THE necessary use, in ocean telegraphy, of the lightest currents has led to the development of a class of recording instruments remarkable for delicacy of action—notably the siphon recorder, which indicates the electric impulses by a wavy ink line on a tape, and the reflecting galvanometer, which causes a spot of light to move from right to left in a darkened room. With these recorders and thirty cells of battery, messages sent across the Atlantic are telegraphically reproduced in ink at the rate of from twenty to twenty-five words in a single minute, each way.—Charles L. Buckingham.

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Oldest Cities of the World

THE city of Marseilles has been in existence 2497 years. It was founded by a colony of Greeks when Rome, the future conqueror of both it and Greece, was nothing but a tiny village. Rome is about 2650 years old. Of all the cities that were in existence when it began, and still retain their places on the maps, Rome is the most flourishing and best preserved. But Rome is by no means the oldest city on the globe, or even in Europe. Athens, the capital of Greece, is about 3453 years old—older than any other European city. Tangier, in Morocco, is probably over 2700 years of age. Peking, the capital of China, is said to be about 3000 years old, or more; Jerusalem is 3900 years old, at least.

But there is one other city, and probably only one, that surpasses even Jerusalem in antiquity. This is Damascus, once famous for its manufacture of silks, jewelry and arms. A Damascus blade was prized as superior to all others. They are no longer made, the method by which the armorers of Damascus tempered the steel being one of the lost arts. The exact date of the founding of Damascus is not known, but it is said to have been begun by a great-grandson of Noah. It is probably 4200 years old, at any rate, and the oldest city in the world.—London Mail.

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Searching for the Human Soul

A GERMAN anatomist has dissected many human bodies and declares that he has never found the soul. Astonishing! If there is a soul he surely would discover it. Did he find any life in the dead body? No. Then there was none before the body died. Did he find any mind, thought or affection? No. Therefore there is no mind, no thought, no affection. The following reply has been given to the anatomist: A cat listened with admiration to the song of a nightingale. Ambitious to learn the secret of such charms and to acquire them himself, he caught the sweet singer, tore it to pieces, and found, to his great astonishment, no music.

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How Animals Estimate Distances

A BIRD that builds its nest in a sheltered place exercises control over Nature, in its degree, quite analogous to the work of a human architect. "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests." How does the fox get its hole, or the bird its nest? They make them for their purposes, and this is certainly control over Nature to that extent. How does the fox support his family if he has no control over Nature? Do hens and chickens run into his hole and ask to be eaten? Doctor Hopkins does not seem to have heard of the way in which a tribe of monkeys prepare to rob a cornfield. Let us describe it. When they get ready to start on their expedition, an old monkey, the leader of the tribe, with a staff in his hand, so as to stand upright more easily, marches ahead on two legs, thus being more elevated than the others, so as to see signs of danger more readily. The rest follow him on all fours. The leader advances slowly and cautiously, carefully reconnoitring in all directions, till the party arrives at the cornfield. He then assigns the sentinels to their respective posts. All being now in readiness, the rest of the tribe ravage and eat to their heart's content. When they retire, each one carries two or three ears of corn, and from this provision the sentinels are fed on arrival at their lair. Here we see ability to rule and a willingness to submit to rule; a thoughtful preparation of means to the end in view; and a recognition of the rights of the sentinels to be suitably rewarded at the close of the expedition. Wherein does all this differ from a similar foray of a tribe of savage men? The only difference that really exists is in degree; otherwise, it is much the same.

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The Mile in all Countries

NOT only does the mile of separate countries differ greatly in the number of feet and yards comprised, but those of the same countries vary in different provinces. Thus the English mile differs from the statute mile, and the French have three sorts of leagues.

The English mile consists of 5280 feet, 1760 yards, or 8 furlongs.

The Russian verst is about three-quarters of an English mile.

The Scotch and Irish mile is about one and a quarter of an English mile.

The Dutch, Spanish, and Polish mile is three and a half English miles.

The German mile is four times as long as the English.

The Swedish, Danish and Hungarian mile is from five to six and a half English miles.

The French common league is three English miles.

The English marine league is three English miles, or 15,840 feet.

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Character Revealed in Laughter

IT IS a well-known and easily demonstrated scientific fact that different people sound different vowels when laughing, from which fact a close observer has drawn the following conclusions: People who laugh in A (pronounced as ah) are frank, honest and fond of noise and excitement, though often of a versatile and fickle disposition.

Laughter in E (pronounced as ay) is peculiar to phlegmatic and melancholy persons. Those who laugh in I (pronounced as ee) are children or simple-minded, obliging, affectionate, timid, and undecided people. To laugh in O indicates generosity and daring. Avoid all those who laugh in U, as they are wholly devoid of principle.

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When to Give Medicines

IODINE, or the Iodides, should be given on an empty stomach. If given during digestion the acids and starch alter and weaken their action. Acids, as a rule, should be given between meals. Acids given before meals check excessive secretion of the acids of gastric juice. Irritating and poisonous drugs, such as salts of arsenic, copper and iron, should be given directly after meals.

Oxide and nitrate of silver should be given after the process of digestion is ended; if given during or close after meals the chemicals destroy or impair their action. Potassium permanganate, also, should not be given until the process of digestion is ended, inasmuch as organic matter decomposes and renders it inert. The active principle of gastric juice is impaired and rendered inert by corrosive sublimate, tannin and pure alcohol, hence they should be given at the close of digestion. Malt extracts, cod liver oil, the phosphates, etc., should be given with food or directly after food is taken.

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A Lake of Ink in Arizona

IN THE middle of the Cocopah Hills, in Arizona, is what is known as the Lake of Ink, says the Portland Oregonian. Though supplied by beautiful springs of clear water, the liquid of the lake is black and of an ink-like character. The temperature varies from 110° to 216°, according to the location, and the water feels smooth and oily. According to the Indians, not only of the vicinity, but far away, the waters of the lake have strong medicinal qualities, though most white people would hesitate to adopt the mode of treatment prescribed. The invalid is buried up to his mouth in the hot volcanic mud for from twenty to thirty minutes. Then he is carried, covered with mud, to the edge of the lake, into which he is plunged for from fifteen to twenty minutes, after which he is rolled in a blanket and allowed to sweat on the hot, sulphurous sand or rock near by. The cures wrought are said to be very wonderful.

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Tapestry Made by Mexican Moths

AT A RECENT meeting of the St. Louis Academy of Sciences specimens were exhibited of a kind of tapestry said to have been woven by the larvæ of moths on the ceiling of a corn loft in Mexico. The silken sheet seems to have covered the entire ceiling. It was composed of fine threads crossing and recrossing in every direction, was nearly white in color, and resembled a piece of soft-tanned sheepskin. The insects that made it destroy corn stored in warehouses.

My Little Boy that Died

LOOK at his pretty face for just one minute!
His braided frock and dainty buttoned shoes—
His firm-shut hand, the favorite playthings in it—
Then tell me, mothers, wasn't it hard to lose
And miss him from my side—
My little boy that died?

How many another boy, as dear and charming,
His father's hope, his mother's one delight,
Slips through strange sicknesses, all fear disarming,
And lives a long, long life in parents' sight.
Mine was so short a pride!
And then—my poor boy died.

I see him rocking on his wooden charger;
I hear him pattering through the house all day;
I watch his great blue eyes grow large and larger,
Listening to stories, whether grave or gay,
Told at the bright fireside—
So dark now, since he died.

But yet I often think my boy is living,
As living as my other children are;
When good-night kisses I all round am giving,
I keep one for him, though he is so far.
Can a mere grave divide
Me from him—though he died?

So, while I come and plant it o'er with daisies—
Nothing but childish daisies all year round—
Continually God's hand the curtain raises,
And I can hear his merry voice's sound—
And feel him at my side—
My little boy that died.—Liverpool Mercury.

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How a Horse-Power is Measured

WHEN men first begin to become familiar with the methods of measuring mechanical power, they often speculate on where the breed of horses is to be found which can keep at work raising thirty-three thousand pounds one foot per minute, or the equivalent, which is familiar to men accustomed to pile-driving by horse-power, or raising three hundred and thirty pounds one hundred feet per minute.

Since thirty-three thousand pounds raised one foot per minute is called one horse-power, it is natural for people to think that the engineers who established that unit of measurement based it on the actual work performed by horses. But such was not the case. The horse-power unit was established by James Watt about a century ago, and the figures were settled in a curious way. Watt, in his usual careful manner, proceeded to find out the average work which the horses of his district could perform, and he found that the raising of twenty-two thousand pounds one foot per minute was about an actual horse-power. At this time he was employed in the manufacture of engines.

Customers were so hard to find that all kinds of artificial encouragements were considered necessary to induce power users to buy steam engines. As a method of encouraging business, Watt offered to sell engines reckoning thirty-three thousand foot-pounds to a horse-power, or about one-third more than the actual. And thus, what was intended as a temporary expedient to promote business, has been the means of giving a false unit of a very important measurement.

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The Paradoxes of Science

THE water which drowns us can be walked upon as ice. The bullet which, when fired from a musket, carries death, will be harmless if ground to dust before being fired. The crystallized part of the oil of roses, so grateful in its fragrance—a solid at ordinary temperatures, though readily volatile—is a compound substance, containing exactly the same elements and in exactly the same proportions, as the gas with which we light our streets. The tea which we drink with benefit and pleasure, produces palpitations, nervous tremblings, and even paralysis, if taken in excess; yet the peculiar organic agent called theine, to which tea owes its qualities, may be taken by itself (as theine, not as tea) without any appreciable effect.

The water which will allay burning thirst augments it when congealed into snow; it is stated by explorers of the Arctic regions that the natives "prefer enduring the utmost extremity of thirst rather than attempt to remove it by eating snow." Yet if snow be melted it becomes drinkable water. Nevertheless, although, if melted before entering the mouth, it assuages thirst like other water, when melted in the mouth it has the opposite effect and increases the thirst.

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The First Watch in the World

AT FIRST the watch was about the size of a dessert plate. It had weights, and was used as a "pocket clock." The earliest known use of the modern name occurs in the record of 1552, which mentions that Edward I had "one larum, or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron gilt, with two plummets of lead."

The first watch may readily be supposed to have been of rude execution. The first great improvement—the substitution of springs for weights—was in 1560. The earliest springs were not coiled, but only straight pieces of steel. Early watches had only one hand, and, being wound up twice a day, they could not be expected to keep the time nearer than within fifteen or twenty minutes in twelve hours. The dials were of silver and brass; the cases had no crystals, but opened at the back and front, and were four or five inches in diameter. A plain watch cost more than fifteen hundred dollars, and after one was ordered it took a year of slow, laborious effort to make it.

The Happiest Heart

By John Vance Cheney

WHO drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done,
And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame;
The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet
And left to Heaven the rest.

—Harper's Magazine.

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The Little Mrs. Shafto

By Haryot Holt Cahoon

IT WAS only a little maid, with a pair of laughing violet eyes and a lot of brown hair that had to be done up in curl rags every night—curl rags that she hated—but the curls tangled in their waves the hearts of the whole village, this little maid, whom I call Mrs. Shafto—and I like to write about her. There are some memories in life that are sweeter for the sadness and ineffably more precious for the fact that sorrow has rendered them sacred. A beautiful memory is a rich inheritance. Naught can ever take it away. Mrs. Shafto elect was only three when I knew her first. Ah—that an artist could paint my memory of her! She related the story of Mr. Shafto at that time with dramatic effect.

"Bobby Shafto's gone to sea,
With silver buckles on his knee;
He'll come back to marry me,
Then I'll be Mrs. Shafto."

This was her story. It was prefaced with a profound courtesy and completed with a courtesy far more profound, and there was a strong emphasis on the "me," and a taper index finger pointed to the person referred to in the lines that there might be no mistake. So we came to call her Mrs. Shafto, and she rather liked it, and tossed a few curls back over her shoulder and twinkled out of the corner of her eyes like any grown-up coquette. This was three years ago, and I must bring my story up to date.

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I have come to think that the power of little children to resist time is a mark of the favor of the angel—the same angel that went about in the time of Pharaoh and marked the gate-posts before he gathered the harvest. From the time that Mrs. Shafto was introduced to atmospheric existence to the day when she became a memory—was a period of six years—and the whole six years is as one beautiful day with the sun shining all the while. The angel is so discriminating.

She fell ill one day. Of course, she suffered. It made it easier—do you not see? Because when the angel came—it meant release.

It is all a sad little story and I'm not at all sure that you would like it, but it is true. Her departure cast a gloom over the community. Had she not canvassed the entire village and carried on a business interchange of thought and love and smiles? The birds all knew her, and she called the dogs and horses by name and they appreciated the favor of her attention. On the last day of earthly honor to her memory everybody of note attended. The Sunday-school children carried flowers, and old ladies walked all the way, and even the public school closed its doors. The Father of our Country receives less homage than the village school paid to my Mrs. Shafto.

The angel knew that a great mission had been performed. Some do in six years or less what it takes the rest of us threescore and ten to accomplish. That's all there is to it.

She was very beautiful when I looked at her the other day. The hair had been put up in the hated curl rags the day before—that last time she had not resisted—and her face seemed to have been chiseled from fairest marble. Ah! The discriminating power of the angel!

I think that Bobby Shafto will be very sorry, too.—New York Recorder.

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Philip D. Armour's Characteristics.—The wealthy pork-packer began the struggle for life with nothing. The first capital he got he dug out of the ground in the form of gold from the placers of California. His first venture in industry was as a pork-packer in Milwaukee. The war wave came along and carried him in a very short time to the possession of great wealth. Then he went to Chicago and began to build up the great business of which he is master to-day. He has bought and sold various properties. As director and owner of producing industries he has been most successful. As a mere trader—a buyer and seller—he has rare pluck and sagacity, and he has added to his store very largely by this means. Mr. Armour dresses simply, lives in a plain house, and never makes any ostentatious show of his wealth; he is kind-hearted and charitable; is interested in education, and has a way of wiping out the debts of small churches, of all creeds, that amazes the impecunious congregations thereof.

Are there too many Churches?

THE BUSINESS SIDE OF RELIGION

By Alden W. Quimby

IT IS scarcely a grateful task to criticise an institution which, though it bears no political relation to the community, is nevertheless most intimately and vitally connected with its welfare. Yet it is safe to assume that many of those who love the Christian Church most and best, and who have ever cheerfully given largely, both of time and means, to promote its interests, are coming to recognize, albeit with pain, that very serious attention must be bestowed upon ecclesiastical economies.

The conviction is growing that churchly luxuries are becoming an onerous tax upon communicants; that in many sections church buildings are obviously too numerous, and the expense incident upon their maintenance a constant drain upon their supporters. Too frequently, also, in the struggle to meet such expense, questionable and even pronouncedly discreditable methods are resorted to.

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It must be regretfully acknowledged that the particular thing which the great evangelical prophet rapturously extolled as being "without money and without price" has become decidedly expensive in many quarters, and of even fabulous value in not a few. Indeed, a bird's-eye view of the state of the Church, while embracing many fair stretches of sunlit evangelical scenery, also discloses some sombre perspectives which cannot but induce much disquietude and alarm. The financial obligations of the Kingdom are great, not because of the cost of telling the gospel story in far-away lands, nor—where it is needed quite as materially—in the great home centres of sin and degradation, but because of the erection and maintenance of too many and too sumptuous edifices of worship, which exhaust the purses of those who assemble within their walls and paralyze all other efforts than those of mere self-preservation.

It is literally as well as metaphorically true that the Kingdom—be it affirmed with all reverence!—is a sadly mortgaged one. And since it is so much holier than any demesne of mere terrestrial royalty, it consequently suffers the greater embarrassment and depreciation. True pastors of the flock, whose entire time ought to be devoted to various spiritual ministries, are frequently compelled to spend a large portion of it in devising means of relief for their financially distressed constituents and their official boards, while the subtle influence of the Kingdom, potent under normal conditions, is irremediably negatived, much as the highly polished surface of a mirror is bedimmed by a breath that is blown upon it.

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The year-books of the various denominations tell a significant tale. Take, for instance, the statistics of one of the most influential bodies among the middle classes in a highly populous and flourishing district. Upon fewer than two hundred churches (about two-thirds of the whole number) there is a mortgaged indebtedness of a million dollars. The annual interest is not less than fifty thousand dollars, and how to raise it is, in the majority of cases, a perennially perplexing problem. It is well known that in many churches promptness in meeting such obligations, as well as accounts due to tradesmen, is not a conspicuous characteristic.

The church mortgage is not a respecter of denominations; although, curiously enough, there is at least one body of Christian believers which, whether from doctrinal peculiarity or economical considerations, erects no houses of worship, but appoints its meetings wherever they can be entertained—often, in rural communities, in barns! Conventional ecclesiastical æsthetics stand aghast, but in accordance with the eminently practical philosophy of the Book of Proverbs, it may be averred that an unconsecrated barn free of debt is preferable to a heavily mortgaged cathedral.

It is an open question whether it is ever justifiable to build exceedingly costly churches, even when they can be paid for. The exactions of the Royal builder of the far-famed first Temple probably helped to pave the way for the disruption of his Kingdom. A tithe of the money spent in the erection of fashionable churches, into which the poor will not go—another feature to be profoundly deprecated—would provide a host of neat, inexpensive edifices in neighborhoods where none are now found; or assist struggling societies in their very shadow, which are doing good work under adverse circumstances.

The exquisite New Testament incident of the alabaster box of precious ointment has often been wrested from its true setting to serve as an apology for lavish church adornment. But we dare not for a moment cherish the conception that the sweet gift of penitence and love had been purchased "on credit."

Some of the means used to provide for current church expenses are unseemly in the extreme.

While there are, of course, some entertainments which tend to edification, there are many others which bring a blush to the cheek of the lover of the exalted dignity of the Church. A "bazaar" is almost invariably a monopoly of the business of little shops, whose keepers keenly feel the intrusion, even though they may not resent it. A church supper, or other form of sociable, when held occasionally to promote church fellowship, may be an actual means of grace; but rarely will it thus result when designed as a mercantile venture. The true principle of acceptable offerings should unvaryingly be taught, both by precept and example; and the measure of the gift should not be determined impulsively, after some eloquent and fervent appeal, but after deliberate meditation upon both the need and the available resources of supply.

The employment of children to canvass homes and places of business for the sale of tickets for church entertainments is open to grave criticism. More humiliating still is the custom prevalent in many localities of peddling from door to door all kinds of mysteries of cookery, and sundry other small merchandise, the profits to be applied to "clearing the church debt." Recently a confectioner besieged young people's societies throughout the land with advertisements of "cough medicine" at low wholesale rates, to be sold in behalf of church support. This novel method of complying with the injunction to heal the sick is mildly suggestive of the materialistic tendency of the Church. But there are more flagrant practices—as, for instance, the popular minor lotteries—which the law of some States accounts gambling, and which the Head of the Church might be expected to rebuke with the whip of small cords were He to appear in its midst.

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It will, of course, be protested that a very small amount per capita is spent upon religion when compared with the sums squandered upon luxurious dissipation. But this has not the slightest relation to the matter in question. It is admitted that many persons appear to have no adequate comprehension of obligation to "support the gospel." But they cannot be compelled to subscribe to the treasury of the Church, nor has the spirit of Christianity ever contemplated such coercion. Let the Church do missionary work among such laggards, but meanwhile let the coat be cut, inexorably, according to the cloth; for the strain upon its conscientious and faithful supporters is often a crushing one. The laborer surely feels the loss sustained by a week's enforced idleness, and the unavoidable expenses of the home are frequently severe upon the far more well-to-do. Low wages, the oft dearth of employment, the cost of medical attendance, the expensiveness of mortuary customs, precipitate many a family into a Slough of Despond from which it never emerges.

Under such circumstances there is little opportunity for "putting by for a rainy day"; yet the only salvation is to insist upon saving a little of the weekly earnings. Would it not be wise for the pulpit, whose advertised themes are not rarely widely divergent from the old-fashioned messages of the gospel, to call the attention of the pew to the savings-fund system? There would be little risk of infracting the command not to lay up treasures upon earth, and there would be great gain in some quarters in rectitude of individual character, in general social conditions, and also in the world's estimate of the value of true religious profession.

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The discouraging circumstances which confront us compel the conclusion that many communities are overchurched, and that the struggle to maintain the buildings and secure the stipend of ministry—sometimes too large and oftener painfully meagre—is too great to be endured by people of scanty means. Although it is frequently contended that the churches in the cities could not accommodate a tithe of the population were it to become universally church-going, were it not wiser to wait until the present edifices are filled before building more? There is a maximum of spare space in the majority of them which might be occupied, who can tell, if it were not so costly. And in rural communities and small towns, especially in the eastern section of the United States, any thoughtful observer must admit that denominational zeal has far outrun discretion.

There was a time when a most efficient system of pastoral supply was maintained by certain denominations, by the grouping together of a number of churches in a "circuit," with a single pastor. It is quite credible that the preaching, infrequent as it was, was better digested and discussed than in these days of luxurious pulpit diet, when every hamlet clamors for its convenient church and pastor; and villages which might creditably sustain a single church are hampered with four or five, because of the strong impulse of denominationalism. Surely in these days of felicitous interdenominational relationship the great-hearted leaders of the various folds could agree upon some such arrangement regarding the planting of churches at home as that which so wisely prevails in foreign missionary fields; so that a feeble church founded in a sparse community might be stimulated by hope, and not disheartened by rivalry.

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Perhaps it is too much to hope that the mint and cummin of the organizations may be altogether laid aside; but in view of the dissemination of the Scriptures, which are absolutely free to any one who is willing to accept a copy, of the wide circulation of religious newspapers, of the liberal religious news of the secular press, is it too much to ask that when one of these has secured a foothold its sisters shall not at once attempt to share the single cherry of constituency? No Utopian scheme of organic unity is hereby proposed.

And perhaps, with the new and genial environment which would ensue, meretricious methods of finance would disappear; and "Jonah's umbrella," be lowered and put permanently in a corner, while the simple themes of the Sermon on the Mount—as fresh and practical at the present day as they were when first delivered—would be presented to wondering and delighted flocks, which have long suffered from the malady of gospel indigestion and the nightmare of the church mortgage.—North American Review.

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Lewis Carroll at Home

AUTHOR OF ALICE IN WONDERLAND

IN THE March St. Nicholas there are two tributes to the late Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, dear to a generation of readers as Lewis Carroll, author of Alice in Wonderland. An editorial note says:

Surely two names represent two very different men; one, an English clergyman and for twenty-six years lecturer on mathematics at Christ Church College, Oxford, author of many volumes on his special subject, honored by his fellows, and peer of England's distinguished men of learning—the other, the merriest, quaintest of story-tellers, whose name is known everywhere by thousands of readers.

Dear Lewis Carroll! bright, delightful, preposterous, gifted with a wonderful imagination, yet so modest and shy that he told almost in a whisper the story of Alice in Wonderland that made all England shake with laughter. Through the Looking-Glass was issued, one may say, as a profound public secret, and he sent bashfully, secretly, into the world The Hunting of the Snark, one of the jolliest, most audacious little books ever written. To the very last their author shrank from any mention of these delightful works as though they were an offense to his other self—that profound, serious scholar, whose discourses, lectures, and bewildering mathematical problems would have sent Lewis Carroll scampering into the first hiding-place in Wonderland.

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One day, about ten years ago, the writer, accompanied by a friend, stood in the large, sombre study of Mr. Dodgson, in Christ Church College. As we entered the room we could see at first only the heavy table with piles of pamphlets and great leather volumes upon it; and around it books, books, and more books—ponderous and worm-eaten (we felt sure they were worm-eaten). Then a slight but stately figure rose from somewhere in the shadow behind an open volume. With a nervous little cough he came forward, bowing so stiffly, and with so slight a show of surprised delight at our coming, that for an instant we felt awed and subdued. Next we realized that he was bashful, actually timid! But, later, his gentle voice, his grave, kindly eyes, and his gracious words satisfied us that he really was the man whose genial letter, crossing the seas, had made us regard him as a friend.

In our conversation, among other subjects, he spoke pleasantly of St. Nicholas, and of young Americans, but when in the most delicate manner possible, we ventured an allusion to Alice in Wonderland, instantly his brow clouded; there came a sudden reserve of manner, a silent, dignified "Spare me!" that changed the conversation like magic. We realized that we were speaking to the Rev. Charles L. Dodgson, of Oxford University, England, and not to Lewis Carroll, author of Alice's Adventures and Through the Looking-Glass. Yes, it was the great thinker—the scholar and mathematician—whom we were visiting, and who, when our pleasant call was over, solemnly bade us good-by. And there was no thought of the March Hare nor of Father William in our minds as we went softly down the dark stairway, out into the sunlight of the grand old quadrangle of Christ Church College.

And yet—do you know?—we felt inwardly sure that in some brisk Jabberwocky way Mr. Dodgson secretly loved little Alice and her adventures, and at heart was not sorry, after all, that he had written them.

Ere the Sun Went Down

CICELY'S AFTERNOON AT THE FAIR

By J. S. Fletcher

CHAPTER I

"WHO cares?" said Cicely. She snatched up her grain-measure from the kitchen table and went out into the sunlight, letting the heavy door fall to behind her with a clash that shook the thick walls. In her hazel eyes there was temper, and round about the dainty curves of mouth and chin an expressive evidence of naughtiness. She gave John a quick glance over her shoulder ere she vanished, and John saw these things, and was troubled, in spite of the spasm of laughter that shot through him. Because of laughter and trouble, and of the great love that welled up in his heart for froward Cicely, he rose from his chair by the fireside and went slowly across the floor, and opened the door and looked out.

Cicely stood in the yard—a sweet and glowing picture of vigorous young womanhood in the fresh morning sunlight. Her gown was lilac-hued, and the slight breeze that came from beyond the apple trees wrapped it closely about her ripe figure. On her cheeks there burned a glow of vexation; but it seemed to John that no peach, warmed and kissed by the sun against his garden wall, had ever shown such perfect color, inviting almost to madness, as that. Nor was there ever a rose leaf, crumpled by the weight of a bee, that could pucker itself into such a delicious attraction as the full, red lips that were now curved into a bewitching naughtiness. He looked and looked, a slight smile of indulgent affection playing about his mouth, and then he burst into loud laughter.

John's laughter, strident and hearty rather than musical and refined, grated on Cicely's ears. She gave him a quick glance, lightning-like in its passage from the hazel eyes to the gray ones, and then she turned her back upon him with a little toss of the head which made John think of the play-actors whom he had once seen in Sicaster market-place at holiday time. There were fowls and ducks and a stray goose that had escaped its fellows at Cicely's feet, and to them she threw handful after handful of corn. And because John was there, and wanting to talk to her, she began to talk to the fowls.

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John turned away at last, still laughing. He went into the house, and remained there several minutes, but when he came out again Cicely was still busied with her fowls. She gave him a quick glance, and noticed the whip that he carried in his right hand. When she saw that Cicely's temper turned to wickedness.

"So you are going?" she asked. "You are really going?"

"I mun go, lass," answered John. "I ha' no choice i' t' matter."

"And you're going without me?" she said.

"There's no choice i' that, either, lass," said John. "One on us must stop at home to-day, and since I can't, thou mun. Come, lass, come, what odds is missing one Sicaster Fair? Gow, I wish I wor goin' to stop at home i'stead o' goin' yonder!"

"You!" she said, her temper hot and careless, "you! Ah, you're a nice 'un to go to a fair! You'll sit in a bar-parlor and smoke and drink, and take no heed of a bit of merry-makin'. But I've never missed a Sicaster Fair yet, and it's hard 'at I can't go to this."

"I'll come home as soon as ever my business is finished, lass," said John, soothingly. "And I'll bring thee a new ribbon—so gi' us a kiss, and let me go."

Cicely threw up her head. She caught up the grain-measure, and made for the kitchen.

"Keep your ribbons!" she said. "What good are ribbons to a woman 'at's no better than a slave? I've no time for ribbons, marry."

"Come and gi' us a kiss, I tell thee!" laughed John. "Slave?—gow, I think it's me 'at's a slave, my pretty. Come on—let's hev' a touch o' thy lips before I go."

"Wait till you come back!" said Cicely. She was inside the door by that time, and she slammed it in John's face. She stood with her hand on the sneck, and waited. She half-expected, and more than half-wished, that he would open the door and kiss her, whether she would or no. But presently she heard his heavy footsteps pass away on the flags outside. Then she caught the clatter of the mare's iron shoes on the cobbles, and she ran to the window and looked out between the pots of geranium.

John was riding out of the yard.

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CHAPTER II

THE afternoon was one of golden light and dreamy sleepiness. The sunlight falling on the old farmstead made rare pictures of the red roof and gray walls, and of the gorgeous sunflowers and dahlias in the garden. Cicely sat under a lilac tree and sewed. Her temper had not yet passed away, for she was powerless to forget the delights of Sicaster Fair. While she sat there, sewing her own linen, or darning John's thick socks, what magnificence and excitement there was going on in the old market-place! It was cruel that John should prevent her from going. The house might surely have looked after itself for one afternoon—lonely as it was, there were few chances that strangers would come that way and molest it. But then John was so particular about his bits of things—he fumed and worried over every little matter. He might surely have arranged things so that she could go to the fair—but, of course, she was his wife, and therefore a slave, and so it was no good repining. But Cicely was vexed and did repine in spite of her resolve not to.

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A young woman came over the sunlighted fields by a narrow path between the corn, and caught sight of Cicely as she turned into the lane. She advanced to the privet hedge, and looked over, standing on tiptoe. "Nay!" she said, "I niver did! Why, what are you doing there, Cicely? I thowt you'd ha' been off to t' fair long sin'. You're late."

"I'm not goin'," answered Cicely.

"Not goin'! Why, I niver knew you to miss a fair i' your life!"

"But I'm married now," said Cicely.

"Eh, dear! Wouldn't John let you go?"

Cicely explained. The face looking over the privet hedge assumed an expression of scorn, pity and contempt.

"I should tak' no notice, lass," said its mouth. "Go and put on your things and come on wi' me. You moan't let John hev' t' upper hand like that theer—it's t' greatest mistake that a woman can mak'. You mun show him 'at you're bahn to suit your sen. Come on to t' fair, and if he says owt when you come home tell him 'at you're his wife and not his slave. That's t' way to manage men—I know!"

Cicely mused. The advice seemed to accord with her inclination, for she was proud and headstrong, and it hurt her to feel that she was yielding obedience to a man. The adamantine nature of John's refusal to take her with him had made her chafe and fret;—she felt like a young mare that has been under curb and chain until the point of endurance is past and a bolt is inevitable.

"Come in, and sit down for ten minnies," said Cicely. She led the way into the house, and installed her friend in John's elbow-chair, while she ran upstairs. In a quarter of an hour she came down, a deeper red in her cheeks and a brighter glow in her eyes. The girl in the chair broke into loud praises of Cicely's gown and of her gold earrings. The fair would look more like itself when Cicely got there.

"I hope John won't see us," said Cicely as she locked the door. "He'd be that vexed 'at I hadn't done as he said. But I must see them play-actors again. Come on, let's walk fast."

They turned into the fields, two bolts of color against the splendid monotony of the golden crops that half-enveloped them. Far away in the dim distance the spire of Sicaster church invited them onward.

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CHAPTER III

CICELY came out of the booth, closely attended by Bella. The play was over, the curtain had fallen; already the actors were making ready for the next performance.

"Weren't it lovely!" sighed Bella. "Eh, dear, I fair cried when the handsome young lord and his sweetheart were parted. Eh—and how grand they did talk and walk about!—it were fair beautiful to see how they swung t' tails o' their dresses round 'em."

"Well, it's over now!" said Cicely. "All 'at's nice seems to come to a quick end, somehow. Bella, I'm going home now. I must get home before John comes in, and if I go now I shall."

"Well, you are a silly!" answered Bella. "Laws!—why, there's all the fun to come on yet. We hevn't seen t' wild beasts, and there's a stone man ower yonder, and the fat woman, and them conjurers, and there's t' panorama in t' Beastfair—we hevn't seen any o' them."

"You can stop and see 'em," said Cicely. "I've seen t' play-actin', and now I'll go. Good-by, Bella—you'll find somebody to go round with. Good-by."

She hurried away through the crowd, unheeding Bella's half-sneering remark as to her foolishness. Cicely was miserable. Something in the tinsel passion of the poor play-actors had stirred up a vein of emotion in her, and she suddenly recognized that she was treating John badly. She wanted to get out of the rickety canvas booth and run home there and then, but she and Bella were tightly packed in the crowd and escape was impossible. Now that she was free she hurried away from the market-place by quiet courts and alleys until she emerged upon the country road that led homeward. She looked fearfully up and down its white expanse, dreading to see John, not because of his anger, but rather because she felt that she had treated him meanly. So much had one poor touch of sentiment mouthed from the lips of a half-starved strolling player done for her rebellious heart.

"He trusted me," said Cicely, as she turned into the fields and hurried through the tall corn, "and it was mean to go and leave t' house as I did. If only he's not at home when I get there, I'll make up to him for it—he shall have t' nicest bit o' supper 'at I can manage, for I do love him."

The sun was hot, but she hurried on, sometimes running between the corn, sometimes resting for a second or two at a stile to fan herself with her handkerchief. It was while she rested thus that she remembered that John had gone away disappointed of the kiss with which she always sent him about his business. The remembrance made her still more uncomfortable. In all their short married life of five months she had never refused him a kiss until that morning. It hurt her at the time, and she would have given worlds to have been able to subdue her pride and call him back. But now, when the fading afternoon brought deeper thoughts and gratified temper had produced a strong harvest of remorse, her crime against love seemed to assume awful dimensions and she ran on in an agony of self-upbraiding.

At last she reached the old house. The door was still fast, the key hung behind the shutter where she and John placed it if either went out while the other was not at home. She ran upstairs and tore off her finery, and dashed into the yard to see that all was well there. She counted geese and ducks and poultry with the accuracy of a mathematician, and sighed with relief to find that no thief or tramp had visited them. Then she ran indoors and stirred the fire into a blaze and set on the kettle. She placed John's slippers by his easy chair, and laid his old coat ready to his hand when he should come in. Then she busied herself with the table, spreading her whitest cloth on the white deal, bringing out the best her larder could afford. Then the kettle began to sing, and Cicely sang, too, and so the kitchen was full of melody as sweet as the flowers that bloomed so finely on the window-sill.

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Cicely suddenly grew silent. What should she say to John? Should she tell him that she had sinned against his wishes and treated him meanly? Was there need of it? He didn't know she'd gone, and he hadn't seen her, and perhaps no one would tell him supposing any of their friends had seen her—they'd think that she had gone there with John. No, surely there was no reason to tell him that she'd not done as he wished. And yet Cicely felt that she ought to confess and be absolved. It would be so much more comfortable—and John was so ready to forgive. But her pride rose again, and so she sat undecided and wondering——

A sound of cartwheels at the gate, a heavy foot on the gravel, the murmur of voices, a hesitating tap at the door, roused her from her reverie. She ran across to the door and opened it. Before she saw the man's face at the door or the group at the gate she knew that sorrow had come to her. She put out her hand as if to keep the men off, and ran down the gravel path.

"Do thee wait a bit, my dear!" said the old man who knocked at the door in his office of news-breaker. "Do thee wait, poor dear. Lord help thee!"

But she ran on. She stopped only when she had pushed her way through the men and thrown aside the sheet from John's dead face.

Even then there was neither cry nor sigh from Cicely's white lips. She looked round her as a child looks round a chamber of mystery. She saw the red roof, the gray gables, the sunflowers nodding against the glossy privet hedge, and suddenly she realized that her problem was solved. It was now too late to confess: too late to be forgiven. Could she ever bear the misery of it?—From God's Failures, published by John Lane.

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The French President's Beefsteak.—Not long back M. Casimir-Périer, the ex-President of the French Republic, and his son, while cycling between Sens and Montereau, stopped at a village inn and asked for lunch. "Nothing to give you," said the landlady, "but sardines and eggs." "Can you not add a beefsteak?" "Impossible. If we had a cycle and somebody to ride it I could send for the meat, but you know that it would take an hour to go to the butcher's and back." "If that's your only reason," said the ex-President, "we can overcome the difficulty." In a moment he and his son were again on their steel horses, and the ex-President in a short time fetched back a succulent steak.

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Miss Braddon at Home.—Miss M. E. Braddon, the novelist, is an author whose plan of life might well be copied by younger and more aspiring writers. She never allows her pen work to interfere with her home life, and her home, a beautiful old Georgian mansion, testifies to her good taste and to her skill as a housekeeper. In her own "den" an odd piece of furniture is a sofa which is dedicated to the dogs of the establishment. Of these there are two, a black poodle and a terrier; both accompany the distinguished authoress on her walks.

Charms of American Women

LEADERS IN BRAINS AND BEAUTY

By Nat C. Goodwin

THERE seems to be a craze throughout the country at the present time for imported beauty. A short time ago the popular yearning was for foreign actors, men and women, talented and untalented; now my lady Venus seems to hold the deck. We have had dark-eyed Spanish señoritas, pretty girls from Old England, the "beautiful idols" of France and flaxen-haired German maids.

It is perfectly fair and square, I admit, to cater to the public appetite. Theatres are not run to promote the health of anybody that I know of. Financial considerations are very properly a growing factor, and hence the public can get almost anything it wants. The discriminating observer must smile to himself, however, as he contemplates this worship at the shrine of foreign beauty when the domestic article is so superior.

I have traveled pretty much all over the world, and I say boldly, and without any reserve whatever, that the American girl excels all others in beauty, conversational powers, magnetism, and the other feminine attributes which render woman attractive.

Your English maiden is roseate, plump, and fair to look upon, but compared to her American sister she seems dull of mind, and has neither that vivacity, nor wit, nor skill in repartee which renders our girls so charming.

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The girl from Paris is a sort of relief from our English cousin—she is so chic, mentally spry and physically active, not to say acrobatic. She is, however, a bit too daring. She, unlike the English maid, gives utterance to some bright sayings, but they are what our French friends call *risqué*. She seems to fairly sparkle while you are within the orbit of her dainty femininity, but the moment you are left alone to commune with yourself, you at once realize that she falls short of Miss Columbia in natural wit, mental depth, and that indefinable charm we term magnetism.

The Latin races unquestionably have women of superb beauty. The Spanish and Italian maidens are lovely pictures to look upon. Many, very many, of them are statuesquely beautiful. Their rich olive complexions and great, glorious dark eyes would make a paralytic feel just as a venerable British bard did when he wrote:

"Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet."

This is, however, the only type of beauty the Latin races possess—that of the dark, fierce, passionate kind. One never sees over there the melting blue eyes, so full of liquid tenderness, nor the magnetic gray orbs which conquer the hearts of cold Northern men. The women of the Latin races are, sad to relate, deficient in intellectual power. They have not the mental nor natural physical graces of the American woman.

Of the other races—German, Danish, Swedish and Norwegian—the women I have met are, as a rule, physically perfect, and pleasing, healthful pictures to look upon, with their flaxen hair and ruddy complexions, but few—very few—are bright in any way. They are neither witty, clever in conversation, graceful in bearing, nor fascinating beyond what their physical attractiveness would impel. They seem almost stolid.

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In America we have the cream of all nations, men and women. The men who preceded us, our ancestors, were the best and bravest Europe could give us, for they were courageous adventurers who left their homes and firesides to chance everything in a new country in the hope of bettering their condition. The women who came with them were the fairest and sturdiest of the old countries. Their female descendants, English, Irish, Scottish, French, Spanish, German, Swedish and the like, have in many instances intermarried with other races and blended the blood. Others, however, married only with their own kin and preserved their racial peculiarities intact. Hence it is in America that we have a diversity and a blending of female beauty such as no other nation possesses, and it is for that reason our women, taken collectively, are more comely than those of any other country. Then, too, the advantages of education and environment count largely in their favor.

Many of our best women—best in point of beauty, brains, courage and ambition—seek the stage. On the stage now are some plucky girls who are the daughters of brave Generals and gallant Admirals who fought in the "late unpleasantness." The daughters of the "Daughters of the Revolution" and of 1812 and 1845 are plentiful. But then, as a rule, these women succeed for the simple reason that they inherit the sturdy qualities of their ancestors, and never yield to despair even in the face of the most discouraging circumstances. Two or three whom I have in mind are notably beautiful women. They are ladies in every way, and would never consent to have their comeliness advertised like some professional beauties we know of who had scarcely anything else to recommend them. The ladies I refer to stood upon their merits solely, and on that issue achieved success.—Norristown Register.

In the Wonderful Good Old Times

THAT EPOCH THAT NEVER EXISTED

WHEN were the "good old times"? What was the exact date of that much-talked-of and much-sighed-after epoch? One of those terrible German investigators, says the Literary Digest, has been asking some such questions, and in the vain effort to find the exact time and place of the "good old days" he has gone back in vain to the dawn of history and the era of hieroglyphics. Theodore Kundhausen is his name, and in Über Land und Meer, Leipsic, he shows that, strange to say, the time of perfect peace and contentment never was. We summarize his article as follows:

The "good old times" were not a quarter of a century ago, that's plain, for the editor of the Evangelische Kirchen Zeitung then wrote: "Every one is anxious to get rich quickly and without working in our times. This craving after wealth rapidly acquired demoralizes society more than anything else." Nor was it fifteen years earlier, when the Kreuz Zeitung said: "Now at last, when immorality is increasing at such a frightful rate, a reform movement is begun to reduce the evil. It is terrible! Carnal pleasures are followed by every one, and they all want to make money, no matter how." He understood human nature.

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Let us go back a little further. In 1846 Lashmann complained of the "materialistic tendency of our times." In 1822 Freiherr von Stein summarized his observations as follows: "The country is overpopulated, our industries are too rapidly progressing, there is much overproduction, and we live too well." Stein must have been mistaken if he thought that this illustrated the attitude of the Prussian people only in his own time, for in 1807 Niettrammer, the philologist, wrote that "the feverish chase after money and profit rules our times." Perhaps the "good old times" are to be found in the eighteenth century. But, alas! Frederick the Great complains bitterly; he says he is "tired of ruling people with the minds of slaves." Again, in 1733, Albrecht Haller wrote that "the hearts of our citizens, the very marrow of the State, are hollow and rotten. History will record how soon the downfall of the country followed the decline of morals." During the Thirty Years' War nobody will look for the "good old times," and, indeed, George Wilhelm of Brandenburg, in an edict, wrote as follows: "The people lead vile lives; murder, highway robberies, blood feuds and arson are defiling the country." So we travel back to the times of the Reformation, and read in a letter of Johann von Nassau to William of Orange, in 1583, that "the people are blind to what is good; the lust for gain on the one hand, suspicion and pessimism on the other, are increasing."

No wonder, then, that the social reformer found plenty of work to do among the wealthy burghers of the times. In 1565 the Hamburg Senate passed laws against luxury and immorality; and in 1505 the sumptuary ordinance of the City of Magdeburg began with the words, "In consideration of the fact that the manners and the appearance of the people have, of a verity, changed much," and the citizens are accused of filthy habits, want of order, a desire to make a show, irreligiousness, violation of the Sunday laws, disregard of the sacredness of an oath, and disobedience generally to the authorities.

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We stand on the threshold of the middle ages. We hear the agonized cry of a peasant carried to barbarous execution: "Woe is me; already must I die, yet have I never in my life been able to eat my fill!" The Frankfort Diet in 1442 reports "much robbery, murder, eke arson," and Walter von der Vogelweide, the troubadour, sings of "the golden spring of good old times," when love and freedom, manly dignity and truth and holiness were found. "How pitiful is the conduct of young men nowadays!" he exclaims. A confessional manual by Burkard von Worms, in the year 1000, shows what searching questions were thought necessary by the priest, and in 881 Ratpert the Monk regards an invasion of the Northmen as just punishment for the wickedness of his contemporaries. In 430 Salvin writes: 'How the wealthy of our times rob the poor and ruin the country is best known to the Spanish provinces, of which the name alone remains, and to the African provinces, which are ruined, and Gallia, which has been devastated."

Ancient history does not encourage our search for "the good old times." Lactantius, a contemporary of Constantine the Great, declares that "the country is ruined by overtaxation, the peasants leave their acres, and land which should be cultivated is changed into forests." Throughout the entire period of Imperial Rome we meet with the complaint that agriculture is declining, that superstition is rampant, and morals are bad. The purer spirits of those times always wished for "the vanished past, when men led natural lives, and civilization was not." Suetonius and Tacitus prove to us that "the good old times" were not with them. Perhaps we find them with the Republic of Rome. But Cicero denies it, and Caius Lucilius wonders if Rome is still worthy of the protection of the gods. The scandal cases of 186 B. C. prove that reform was necessary even then, and that the authorities were forced to legislate against immorality and the destruction of family life. Cato's thunderings against the immorality of his times and his praise of "the good old times" are well known, but the bitter class wars of the ages before his birth do not lead us to think we are very much closer to the object of our search.

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Turning to Greek literature, we find that Polybius complains of corruption and the waste of public funds, of poverty, of childless marriages, and ruin of the country. Strabo relates that the Theban villages were devastated during the time of the Macedonian Empire. Isocrates suggests the founding of colonies where tramps may be employed. Lysias accuses the Athenian courts of corruption. Demosthenes declares that he would not believe Timothy, Athens' best General, under oath. Aristophanes accuses his contemporaries of greed, demagogism, and immorality, and points to "the good old times."

Herodotus relates how the country of Miletus was devastated, and during the sixth and seventh centuries B. C. the saying, "money makes the man," was well known in Greece.

The Jewish prophets complain of the corruption of their times, and tell of widows and orphans plundered by the rich, of the poor sold into bondage by the strong and wealthy. Solomon's reign is supposed to mark the most brilliant epoch in the history of Palestine, but we hear that his contemporaries complain of their hardships and wish for "the good old times." Even the heiroglyphics tell us of men who were unhappy and enslaved.

The writer closes his article with the following remarks:

"It is plain that every age has its aches and pains, but also its comforts and pleasures, and, though it is quite just to mention the faults of our own times, we should not forget its material and intellectual advantages. Many who complain of our times would, if the 'galoshes of fortune' could place them in a former generation, wish themselves back again." Try to appreciate the present.

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The Bargain Mania

DEMAND FOR CHEAP THINGS

LABOR-SAVING machinery has many and great advantages over hand work, says a writer in the Interior. The machine suffers none of the pain of weariness, it is not subject to exhaustion, but can work on night and day; it is exact and makes no mistakes; its poorest work is as perfect as the best that the hand can fashion, and its movements are manifold swifter and stronger than that of the human hand. It does the heaviest and hardest work as easily as the most delicate, slashes logs into lumber and digs the earth as readily as it weaves fragile laces.

Labor-saving machinery brought in the era of cheap things—marvelously cheap. One does not see how articles can be produced with such small expenditure of labor, which is the measure of values for all things produced by man. But machinery has not only cheapened production, it has also brought into existence a passion, we might almost say, a craze, for cheap things. The stores are crowded on "bargain days." A bankrupt sale or a sale of damaged goods is a great attraction, and shrewd merchants have a way of supplying such goods without the intervention of a fire or bankruptcy.

The demand for cheapness is indiscriminate and unreasoning. It is not considered that whatever gain there may be to the purchaser is at the loss of the producer. A plain illustration is found in the sale of cheap newspapers. A few years ago our metropolitan dailys sold at five cents per copy. Then the newsboy received two cents for selling a copy of a paper. They were reduced to two cents and he received two-thirds of a cent. They were further reduced to one cent and he received a third or two-fifths of a cent. The newsboy made living wages when he sold at five cents. He is reduced to squalor by the sale at one cent. Meantime the purchaser received a paper that is cheapened and impoverished. There was no necessity for this cheapening of an article already as cheap as any one desired—other than the wish to cater to the prevailing craze for cheap things.

So far as cheapness is the result of reduced cost of labor, by means of machinery, in production, transportation and manufacture, it is a great blessing. It enables the poor to live as neatly and as comfortably as the rich. One sees little girls dressed as prettily for a dollar or so as the rich man's daughter can be dressed for a hundred dollars. The cheaply clad one need not shrink from comparison in any other point of view than the coarse and vulgar one of a display of expensiveness which does no credit to head, heart nor taste. The people are entitled to the benefit of inventions. But this "cheap" craze is going further than that. It is encouraging oppression and wrong.

And it does not pay. Cheating or oppressing never does. The penalty is sure to come, and it may be disproportionally severe when compared with the offense. But it does not pay anything immediately, as it is supposed to. A good, honest article will be produced by nobody for less than a good, honest price—more than once. He will get even by palming off a worthless article for a worthless price. He will show, when it comes to a game of cheating, that he understands it better than the ordinary purchaser.

It is all right for the merchant to clear out his odds, ends, remnants, shelf-worn or out-of-date goods at bargains, and to have "bargain days," when such goods will be thrown upon his counters at prices which will rid him of them. But where he professes to offer good goods at "bargains" he is swindling somebody, and he is as willing to swindle you as he is to swindle the producer.

Sound economy will purchase the best goods that can be afforded, and be willing to pay what they are worth. A good article will wear from twice to ten times as long as cheap articles, which aggregate a larger cost, and are all unsatisfactory.

It is sound economy to pay good wages. The same rule applies. For good wages one can get good work, and for poor wages one gets poor work. There is more profit and more satisfaction in good work than in poor. Here, as at the bargain counter, the bargain seeker grasps at the shadow and misses the substance, and the shadow has disappointment for all concerned.

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In the Modern War-Ship

DANGERS WITHIN AND WITHOUT

By Walter Wellman

ONE result of the disaster to the Maine in Havana harbor is an increase of the outcry against constructing great battleships for naval purposes. This sentiment is growing in Congress, and it may be difficult to secure appropriations for any considerable number of such vessels in the future. The objection raised to building craft of this type is that they are too easily destroyed. At Havana a great modern fighting engine which cost this Government $3,000,000, went to the bottom in a few hours, carrying with it about two hundred and fifty precious lives.

If a single explosion will cause such a tremendous loss, wrecking the whole of a ship and weakening the Navy of which it is a part, men are asking what will be the fate of battleships in case of a naval war.

Naval experts who are not wedded to any particular form of construction tell me that the world's next big naval war will develop the most terrific destruction of property and life that was ever witnessed. Huge ships that cost $4,000,000 to $6,000,000 each, and which carry from 500 to 900 men, will go to pieces like egg-shells. There will be a terrific crashing of steel, a deafening explosion of dynamite, gun-cotton and powder, vain cries for help, blinding flashes of fire; then nothing but bits of floating wreckage to mark where a noble ship floated.

These great modern fighting craft are almost as dangerous from within as from without. They are vast repositories of electricity, explosives and chemicals. Despite all precautions taken by their builders and officers, despite all the adjuncts which science can suggest and ingenuity devise, a shot from a gun of an enemy may explode a magazine or the gun-cotton carried for the torpedoes, and wreck the whole vessel. When the next great naval engagement comes on, there will be many such scenes as that which the panic-stricken people of Havana witnessed in their harbor a few weeks ago. Instead of one ship resolved into a volcano, a floating hell for the poor sailors caught between her decks, there will be half a dozen, or perhaps a score, riddled by shell, exploded, burned, blackened, charred, turned into charnel-houses.

Modern development of the arts of naval construction, of ordnance, of explosives, of projectiles, has produced fighting machines which are terrible monsters. Lucky the ship that goes through an engagement with an enemy without having her magazine exploded by concussion. Lucky the sailor boys who escape being blown to pieces by their own petards. Literally, say naval experts with whom I have talked, the issue of a naval engagement between ships of equal class is going to be a matter of luck as to which side suffers most from its own explosives, from eruptions within its own walls of steel.

In the disaster at Havana the American people have had just a slight foretaste of what modern naval war is likely to be. Instead of a single crew decimated till but a remnant remains, war will show us many such calamities. Instead of two hundred and fifty dead sailors to bury and their families to provide for, we shall have thousands.—Washington Observer.

Wisdom of the Thinkers

GREAT PROBLEMS OF LIVING

THE PANG OF RESTRAINED ACTIVITY.—Every man has experienced how feelings which end in themselves, and do not express themselves in action, leave the heart debilitated. We get feeble and sickly in character when we feel keenly and cannot do the thing we feel.—F. W. Robertson.

REGENERATION OF REMORSE.—Every time a man bethinks himself that he is not walking truly in the light, that he has been forgetting himself and must repent, that he has been asleep and must awake, that he has been letting his garments trail and must gird up the loins of his mind—every time this takes place there is a resurrection in the world.—George MacDonald.

THE GIFT OF RESPONSIBILITY.—Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues the idle never know.—Charles Kingsley.

THE OVERRULING FOR GOOD.—If we have something to remember which turned out well, it heartens us up against disappointment afterward. And the more we have seen and known the less we decide what is a disappointment. If a bird of the air carries away the seed we have sown it will maybe drop it somewhere else. I am beginning to see these things now, when it's nearly too late.—Edmund Garrett.

TRUE GREATNESS.—True greatness is always in the character; it is never in the circumstances. No matter about wearing a crown, make sure that you have a head worthy of wearing a crown. No matter about the purple, make sure that you have a heart worthy of the purple. No matter about a throne to sit on, make sure that your life is regal in its own intrinsic character—that men will recognize the King in you, though you toil in the field or mine, or serve in the lowliest place.—Rev. J. R. Miller, D. D.

PUTTING THE SOUL INTO TRIFLES.—Let us remember that greatness of action depends on other kinds of greatness, and on our appreciation of the greatness of the occasion when it can be done. It has been well said, by an eminent French writer, that the true calling of a Christian is not to do extraordinary things, but to do ordinary things in an extraordinary way. The most trivial tasks can be accomplished in a noble, gentle, regal spirit, which overrides and puts aside all petty, paltry feelings, and which elevates all little things.—Dean Stanley.

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